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IDOLS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My idols I have made of fairest clay,
And set them up within this soul of mine,
Love's vestal fire has burned by night and day,
While I kept vigils at their holy shrine.

I have brought flowers, the brightest ones of earth,
Whose fragrant breath as incense might arise;
And all sweet hopes to which my heart gave birth
I laid thereon as sacred sacrifice.

But ah! there came one hour a simoon breath,
That crumbled fane and idol into dust,
Shrivelled and scorched the flowers in burning death,
Sprinkling them with thy arid sands, Distrust.

Cruel have been some idols of my soul,
Relentlessly requiring human blood;
Fond hopes, that went as pilgrims to their goal,
Lie strewed in death along their desert road.

And like the Hindoo devotee I cast
My heart before their chariot wheels in dust,
While they in cruel triumph o'er it passed,—
For such idolatry a vengeance just!

Then, like the Persian, have I worshipped suns,
In adoration of their fervid shining,
Yet even while kneeling at my orisons,
Have marked them in their visible declining.

Like Ephraim "joined to idols," still of clay,
Unwarned by those that perished in the past,
Fragile and fair, I fashion them this day,
For thee, oh, Death, my sure Iconoclast!

HARRIETTE F. BARBER.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RESTORED MASTER OF LISLEWOOD.

The conspiracy of which the candid Mr. Gilbert Arnold had made confession was never brought into a court of law. Sir Launcelot Lisle, or the gentleman who had for fourteen years enjoyed the possession of the Lisle title and estates, did not make any attempt to dispute the claims of the pale-faced, fair-haired stripling who had arisen, as if from the dead, to demand the heritage of his father. Sir Launcelot's lawyers shook their heads at Mr. Gilbert Arnold's confession, until they found that confession borne out by the testimony of the young man's mother, whose instinct could scarcely be supposed to deceive her, and whose motives were above suspicion, and further, by the testimony of facts which, slight in themselves, still helped considerably to bear out the assertions of the lodge-keeper of Lislewood Park. The medical officers of St. George's Hospital remembered, fourteen years before, having attended in the casualty ward a little boy about seven years of age, whose life was in imminent danger for three long months, from concussion of the brain, caused, as the man who brought him to the hospital stated, by a fall from a pony.

There was no one belonging to the institution who could remember or describe the appearance of the person who brought the child to the hospital, but one of the nurses, when confronted with Gilbert Arnold, immediately recognized him as the man who had taken the little boy away with him after his recovery. She remembered his face, she said, and she remembered, too, his gruff voice and savage manner, for they had impressed her at the time, and she had called him a brute for speaking roughly to the child. This nurse told also, how the little boy had been in the habit, in his delirium, of talking of his beautiful mamma, and the Park—she could not remember the name by which he called the Park, but it was Something Park; and he had called himself Sir Something, and said that he was a baronet—the Little Baronet, his papa called him. But she said that, as all rich people had such queer fancies, and as the man who brought the boy had told the nurses not to notice what he said, as he had always been rather flighty, she had thought very little of all his wild, feverish talk. Claribel cried bitterly as the woman told these things to the committee of inquiry assembled in the lawyer's office. She thought of those long days and nights of cruel anguish, in which she had mourned her son as dead; and through all this terrible agony he had been lying in a narrow bed in a public hospital, waited on only by hired nurses, who were deaf to his complaints, and incredulous of his assertions.

In further evidence of the truth of his confession, Gilbert Arnold produced the suit of clothes worn by Sir Rupert upon the day of his accident. The tender mother recognized the little clay-stained tunic, the bent and torn hat with its broken feather. Even the long flaxen curls had been cut off by the ruthless hands of the lodge-keeper, and had been kept for fourteen years folded between two stiff sheets of white paper. The evidence submitted to Launcelot Lisle through his solicitors fully satisfied him as to the identity of his young kinsman. For himself, he said, he was an old man without a child to whom he could leave the broad lands of Lislewood, and he was willing enough that their revenues should pass once more into the hands of the elder branch. Had the boy been found a few years later, he added, the name of Lisle might have been extinct. Better altogether as it was. He offered further to restore the interest of the property which, for fourteen years, had been paid to his bankers; but Sir Rupert wrote his generous cousin a very pretty letter, by dictation of Major Varney, in which he stoutly refused any such restoration.

So the way was smoothed for the return of the banished prince, who had so long been unjustly deprived of his rights; and the simple villagers of Lislewood rejoiced in the restoration of their rightful lord, and the tender-hearted mother wept for very joy, as she drove into Lislewood Park, with her son seated by her side; and the bells were rung, and the charity children turned out once more to strew the road with flowers, as they had done years ago in honor of Claribel Merton's first wedding-day; and through all the merry noise, and under the blazing July sun, by the side of the regal chariot, rode General Monk, upon a stately white charger, on the right hand of the Prince whose restoration he had achieved. Of course, General Monk was no other than Major Varney, stout and *debonnaire*, yellow whiskered, and yellow moustachioed, handsome and portly, affable and delighted. He leaped from his horse with the agility of a far younger man, when the *cortege* arrived at the portico of the mansion, and there was question of handing Prince Rupert out of the carriage. The well-bred servants were ranged in the hall waiting to welcome their master. How they all exclaimed when they saw the pale-faced young gentleman, whom his mamma and Major Varney led into the house! How little he had changed, they said. He had only grown taller, and perhaps, if anything, handsomer; but he was a Lisle from top to toe, and the image of his father, Sir Reginald. The young Baronet was a little embarrassed by their honest greetings, and seemed to look to his champion, the Major, for assistance in the ordeal.

A close observer would not have been long in the society of the young man, without discovering that he appeared to appeal to Major Varney on every occasion, however trifling. He was leaning on Major Varney's arm when he pointed out to his delighted mother the pictures in the corridors, the portrait of his father in the dining-room, the situations of the doors of the different rooms, the oriel window in the library, in which he had been so fond of sitting when a little boy. It was only natural that, after fourteen years spent in the society of Gilbert Arnold, Sir Rupert Lisle should be a little awkward at the dinner table. That he should use a knife for his fish, that he should be not a little confused by the man who brought him melted butter, and the other man who brought him fish sauce; that he should wonder at the flat champagne glasses, and the green hock glasses; that he should want to drink more sparkling Moselle than was good for him; and that he should wind-up by quenching his thirst from his finger-glass. This, of course, though very painful to his mother, was only natural, and it was only natural, therefore, that Major Varney, sitting at his right hand, should whisper a hint every now and then, or tread upon his toe, or nudge him slightly with the elbow, or frown an intimation of this or that solecism. It was all only natural, but it gave the young Baronet a cowed and disconcerted manner which did not say much for the house of Lisle, to which he was declared to bear so striking a resemblance.

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.

The romance of war is not always according to its reality. The two often scarcely resemble each other; nevertheless, the latter doubtless has its charms, otherwise one campaign would cure every soldier of his dream of glory. Sometimes our gallant fellows, their horses giving out, have to put their shoulder to the wheel, and push the baggage train up the hill, as the artist has drawn above. But, on the other hand, there is a charm in the rough, free life, as every old soldier will tell you.

The Major and his wife had been invited by Sir Rupert and Mrs. Walsingham to spend the autumn at Lislewood Park, and to assist at the celebration of the Baronet's majority, which was to take place a few days after his return. Claribel had hoped after dinner to have had the boy all to herself in the long drawing-room; to have had him seated by her side upon the sofa, on which they had so often sat in the still summer evenings years before. She stopped beside his chair, and whispered to him as she left the dining-room with Mrs. Varney. She begged him not to stop long over his wine, but to join her soon in the drawing-room; but, in spite of her request, it was dark before the Major and he left the dining-room, and she saw, to her horror, that the young man had been drinking too much. She remonstrated with Major Varney, but he shook his head, with a smile, and said,—

"My dearest Mrs. Walsingham, our prince is a little obstinate. Only enough so, you know, to bespeak a very creditable firmness of will, but still just a little obstinate; and I couldn't very well refuse him his own port. He likes his port, and objects to claret; calls that delightful wine vinegar and red ink. Poor dear child! it is so like the pupil of that horrible poacher man to prefer port. I daresay he would like it thick and sweet.—Injured child! it will take us some time to form him, my dear madam."

Claribel sighed.

"He is very much changed," she said, thoughtfully. "Heaven forgive me, I sometimes feel as if I were not sufficiently grateful for his blessed restoration to me. I sometimes feel as if there were something wanting still to make me happy in the return of my son."

"My dear Mrs. Walsingham," said the Major, earnestly, "you must not ask too much of this poor boy; you must give him time; and, above all, you must remember the associations of fourteen years."

The morning after the arrival of Sir Rupert, his half-brother came from Eton, to pay his obeisance to the lord of Lislewood. There was something strange in the contrast between the two brothers; young Arthur Walsingham, tall and broad-shouldered, dark complexioned and stalwart; nearly as big at fourteen years of age as his half-brother, the Baronet, at one-and-twenty. Major Varney was with Sir Rupert when young Walsingham arrived. Perhaps it was the Major who dictated or suggested the loving speech with which the young man welcomed his brother. Arthur Walsingham treated the Baronet with very little ceremony. The shock of the Captain's death had been a terrible blow to young Arthur. The sight of the house in which he and his father had been such constant companions; the long avenues, under whose shade they had walked side by side; the downs over which they had so often ridden, all helped to renew the bitterness of the boy's grief, and he took very little notice of his new-found brother, the Baronet.

"To tell you the honest truth, Martin," he said to his father's old servant, "I don't much like this new brother of mine. He's too much under the thumb of that man with the yellow whiskers, to please me. I like a fellow to be his own master, and to know his own mind, and not to have to look at other people before he opens his mouth."

It was strange to see the dislike which Arthur Walsingham seemed to entertain to that very general favorite, Major Granville Varney. Do what he could, the Indian officer could not make friends with the boy. He would tell him stories of Indian life; stories which concerned that dead father whom the lad had so tenderly loved; he would dwell upon the friendship which had always existed between himself and the Captain, as if through that he would have claimed the boy's affection. Arthur would listen to this talk with a sulky unwillingness entirely different to his usual manner.

"I don't like him," he said, passionately, when his mother remonstrated with him, one day, upon his rude manner to the Major; "I don't like him, mother! I don't like his smooth, oily manners, and his musical laugh; his soft, conciliating voice, and glaring yellow hair. No man with such whiskers and moustachios was ever anything but a hypocrite. I don't like him! I don't like the influence he exercises over that namby-pamby brother of mine—"

"Arthur, Arthur!" Claribel exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Dearest mother, dear, patient mother! I would not say a word against your eldest son; but if you love him, take my advice, and get rid of Major Granville Varney."

"Get rid of him! My dear Arthur, do you forget the part he has taken in the restoration of my son? Do you forget that to him we owe the discovery of that terrible man, Gilbert Arnold, and of the vile plot against my boy? How can we ever sufficiently prove our gratitude to Major Varney?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I suppose you're right, mother," he said, "but if I were you, I'd give the Major a few thousands as a repayment for his services, and kick him out of doors!"

"Arthur? As if he would accept money?"

"Not from you, very likely, mother; and shall I tell you why not? He knows he will get double and treble from Sir Rupert Lisle. My brother is little better than a puppet in his hands; he will take care to work the strings well by-and-by."

To Arthur Walsingham's very great satisfaction, Major Granville Varney was by-and-by compelled to leave Lislewood Park for a few days, on very important business. He had volunteered to negotiate with Mr. Gilbert Arnold, with a view to giving that person a sum of money, on account of Sir Rupert Lisle, and shipping him off to America.

"It is hard," said the Major to Mrs. Walsingham and Sir Rupert, when the subject was being discussed; "it is hard that the man should be rewarded for his villany; but, as he made his confession upon the hope of being generously treated, and as, had he not confessed, Sir Rupert might still be mewed up in a back bedroom in the Old Kent Road, I suppose we must do something for him."

Mrs. Walsingham offered no objection whatever to the man's receiving a few hundred pounds; but Sir Rupert cavilled and protested against it.

"I hate the fellow," he said "he never used me properly; he never gave me my liberty, or let me have money to spend. I won't give him a farthing."

"My dear Sir Rupert," said the Major, "remember, we bear a great name to-day; we are no longer an obscure, nameless stripling, without a friend in the world. We must take the advice of those who are older and wiser than ourselves. The man must be paid."

For Major Granville Varney to tell the young baronet that a thing must be done, was to ensure immediate and almost servile compliance on the part of Sir Rupert. His mother found it quite a different matter, when she herself tried to persuade her eldest son to any step, however trifling. He would obstinately refuse, telling her that he was of age, and that he didn't want to be dictated to, or that he was not going to be tied to a woman's apron-string; he had had enough of Mrs. Arnold, with her miserable pale face and perpetual snivelling.

So the Major, furnished with a cheque for six hundred pounds, duly signed by Sir Rupert Lisle, left Lislewood Park on his diplomatic errand. Arrived in London, he walked straight to the young baronet's bankers, where he exchanged the little slip of blue paper for half-a-dozen bank notes. On leaving the bankers, he called a Hansom cab, and drove to the habitation of Mr. Joseph Slogood, whom he found sitting at the window, in his shirt sleeves, smoking his accustomed clay pipe.

The poacher looked up, with a scowl, as the Major walked in at the little garden gate, and, putting down his pipe, opened the door, and admitting his visitor.

"Well," he said, with a sneer, "I am sure I am proud and honored that you've come anigh me at last, which I thought you'd done with your used-up tool."

"My penetrating Arnold, you were far from wrong in your conclusion," said the Major, seating himself lightly on the sill of the open window, and amusing himself by pelting a smoked dried geranium in the garden, using as missiles the empty shells of some periwinkles, which had been, no doubt, discussed by his host.

"Oh, I warn't wrong, warn't I?" replied Mr. Arnold, with a savage light in his yellow-green eyes. "And you don't want me no more, I suppose? Eh?"

"No," said the Major, pausing with his head on one side, and poising a periwinkle between the extreme points of his fingers, prior to launching it at the geranium; "no, I don't want you any more, thank you."

Mr. Gilbert Arnold clenched his fist, and made as if he would have struck his elegant visitor. The Major looked up at him, and laughed; a provoking laugh; a laugh that brought the blood into the poacher's face, until his swarthy complexion grew almost black, and the veins upon his low forehead swelled as if they would burst. It amused the Major to see the man's suppressed fury, as it would have amused him to goad the lions at the Zoological Gardens with the point of his malacca cane.

"My good Arnold, you are quite right," he said. "You have been a very excellent tool, you have served me very well, and I have done with you. Were mine an ungenerous mind, our relations would end here, and I should wish you good-morning. The little secret which I am so fortunate as to possess respecting your past life would be quite a sufficient guarantee for your keeping any other secret which may in a remote manner concern me, and here all connection between us would end. But such is not my intention. I wish to act generously towards you, as you will perceive. When a good workman has done with his tools, he generally puts them away. I shall require you, my worthy Arnold, to sail for America with your wife, the day after to-morrow. You will receive the sum of three hundred pounds, an hour before you sail."

"Three hundred pounds isn't much out of all he'll have," said Gilbert, sulkily.

"Out of all *who'll* have?" asked the Major.

"Why—that is—you know—"

"My estimable Arnold, pray keep all silly fancies out of your head, or you will assuredly get into mischief. Remember your confession, signed, sealed, and attested, and now in the safe keeping of Sir Rupert's solicitors. Pray remember that, and be thankful for any gift which the indulgence and generosity of the young baronet may obtain for you."

"I have been a dupe from first to last, and it does seem hard," growled the poacher.

"Hard!" exclaimed Varney, "why, my absurd Arnold, what, in the name of all that's preposterous, did you expect?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you," answered Gilbert, "I didn't expect to be foisted off with a paltry three hundred pound. I didn't expect to be sent out of the country like a felon, and I didn't expect to have you always poking *your* nose in between me and him. I didn't expect to be forbid to go straight to him myself and ask him for what I wanted."

The Major shrugged his shoulders and laughed aloud.

"Go to him, then," he said, pointing to the door; "go straight to him, now. I won't prevent you. The road's as clear for you as it is for me. Go to him, and see what *he'll* give you! Why, you poor, uncalculating fool, do you know that it was only *my* persuasion and *my* influence that induced him to send you even this pitiful sum. He has been well taught, my worthy Arnold, and you'll find the lad knows his lesson."

Two days after that on which this friendly little interview had taken place, Major Granville Varney ran down to Liverpool by express, having sent on Gilbert Arnold and his wife by the parliamentary train, which started at some dismal hour in the early morning.

Arrived at Liverpool, the Major walked straight to a small public-house, at which he had directed Gilbert to await him. He found the poacher drinking beer in a dismal little sitting-room, looking out upon a dead wall.

"Now, then," said the Indian officer, "the vessel sails in half an hour, and I mean to see you on board. Ring that bell, and ask for pen and ink."

Mr. Arnold obeyed, and a slipshod waiter brought a sheet of paper and a battered inkstand, which contained a black mixture, chiefly composed of dust and flies.

The Major dipped a pen in the mixture, and handed it to Gilbert.

"Write me a receipt for six hundred pounds," he said. "'Received from Major Varney, on the part of Sir Rupert Lisle, Bart., the sum of six hundred pounds.' Write that."

Gilbert's face brightened up at the Major's words.

"You've thought better of it, then," he said, you're agoing to give me six?"

"Never mind whether I've thought better of it, or whether I haven't. Write the receipt. We've no time to lose."

Gilbert squared his elbows, brought his nose down to within a couple of inches of the paper, and wrote with some difficulty as the Major dictated. Major Varney then rang a second time for the slipshod waiter, and, in his presence, Gilbert Arnold signed his name at the bottom of the document, the waiter afterwards affixing his signature as witness.

"Now call a cab," said the Major, to the waiter, "and you, Arnold, tell your wife we're waiting for her."

"She's gone to lie down a bit," said Gilbert, "she's tired with the journey. She's but a poor thing for a man to have tied to him," he added, as he left the room.

Half an hour afterwards the Major stood with Arnold and his wife on the deck of the vessel that was to convey the two latter to New York.

"You haven't given me that there six hundred," said Gilbert, taking the Major aside.

"*Six* hundred, my worthy friend!" exclaimed the officer, elevating his eyebrows.

"Yes, six hundred. It was six hundred," said Gilbert. "I gave you the receipt for six hundred, and you know *he* gave you the money, and that you've got it in your pocket. You know you have."

"My good Arnold, I know nothing but that in ten minutes more you'll be on your way to America, from which delightful country I should strongly advise you, if you set any value upon that bull neck of yours, never to return. I also know that I have in this pocket book a couple of Bank of England notes for a hundred each, with one fifty, two twenties, and a ten. Take them or leave them. They are the last you'll ever get, my friend, from the Lislewood property, or Major Granville Varney."

As the Major, gratefully extending the pocket-book towards Mr. Gilbert Arnold, said these words, strangers for shore were ordered to leave the vessel. Major Varney hurried towards the ladder, down which the friends of the passengers were scrambling into the little steamer which was to convey them back to Liverpool.

"And when this here's gone, what am I to do?" roared Gilbert, clutching hold of the Major's coat sleeve, as if he would have detained him by violence.

Major Varney shook the man off as he would have shaken off a dog.

"What are you to do?" he said, turning round, as he stood on the first step of the ladder. "Rot, starve, steal, die in a work-house, or live in a gaol! *I've done with you!*"

As the Major, with a smile on his lips, said these parting words, a fury, stronger than any that had ever possessed him before, filled the breast of Gilbert Arnold. He sprang towards the side of the vessel, and, throwing himself half across the bulwarks, made as if he would have hurled the Major from the ladder upon which he stood. Some one, whom he never knew, caught his clenched fist, and prevented its descending on the Indian officer.

"I'll tell you what," he roared, with his face over the side of the vessel, and his grey eyes gleaming down on Major Varney like those of some ferocious and untameable beast, "you've sold me, and you've trod upon me, and you've laughed at me from first to last. You look out; that's all! If ever I do come back from America, it shall be the worse for you. If ever I'm hung, I'll be hung for taking *your* life. So, look out, that's all!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. SALAMONS TAKES A JOURNEY.

Later in the autumn, Mr. Alfred Salamons, leaving Lislewood Park, where he had a pleasant sitting-room upon the second floor, where he drank his bottle of port after dinner every day, and flirted with the pretty housemaids as his humor prompted him—Mr. Salamons, I say, leaving a place in which he enjoyed these privileges, started on a little journey, which, as he told the pretty housemaids, would most likely occupy the space of a week. He was going to see a young nephew of his, to whom he was a sort of guardian, the boy being an orphan and having a little bit of property.

"Not much, you know, my dear," Mr. Salamons said, to the prettiest of the housemaids; "but just enough to keep him comfortably, without being a burden to his friends, poor lad, for he is but delicate."

So this kind and affectionate uncle, after being closeted for a couple of hours with his master, Major Granville Varney, departed on his amiable errand.

Mr. Salamons' nephew was parlor boarder in a select gentlemen's school in a small town in Yorkshire. A dull town, in whose streets the grass grew and flourished. Beneath the spires of whose minster the children played among the graves, and only with their voices broke the silence of the quiet square in which the holy edifice stood. A dreary town, which sent two members to legislate for it at Westminster, and which discussed, and praised, and scandalized, and belied those members with untiring energy. Turning out of the high-street of this dull Yorkshire town, you came upon pretty green lanes, and a fair expanse of rich common land, dotted here and there by clusters of wide-spreading bushes, in which the children played at hide and seek in the still summer evenings. In some of these quiet lanes you came suddenly upon handsome houses, hidden away, as it were, behind high walls and tall, sheltering trees.—It was to one of these retired mansions that Mr. Salamons directed his steps on leaving the railway station. The house at which he stopped was a square, red brick building, with stiff rows of high, narrow windows, completely shut in from the lane in which it stood, by a high wall and a pair of stately gates, thickly overgrown with ivy.

Mr. Salamons was immediately admitted on giving his name to the neat servant-maid who opened the gates; but it was to be observed that the name which Mr. Salamons gave was not Salamons, but Saunders. It was to be observed, too, that Mr. Salamons was dressed entirely in black, and that he wore a white neckcloth, and had altogether rather a clerical look.

The servant escorted him into the hall, and through the hall into a pretty sitting-room, situated at the back of the house, and opening into a large garden.

Mr. Salamons walked straight to the window, which opened down to the ground, and looked out at the lawn and flower-beds before him.

At some distance, lying in an invalid-chair under some trees, there was a young man, who appeared to attract the notice of Mr. Salamons.

The young man was reading, and was far too much absorbed in his book to be aware of Mr. Salamon's observation of him. He was singularly delicate in appearance, and the hair which escaped from under his straw hat was of a pale shade of brown. A great Newfoundland dog sat close by the chair of the young man, whose thin hand rested carelessly upon the animal's head.

The principal of the academy entered the room while Mr. Salamons was standing at the window. The two men shook hands.—The principal was a fat, fair man, whose light hair was beginning to be variegated by gray streaks. He looked good-natured, but pompous and stupid.

"I need not ask you how he is," said Mr. Salamons, pointing to the window, "for there he is. He looks pretty much the same."

"My dear sir," said the principal, "that is precisely his state. The entire medical profession as represented in this town,—and we are by no means destitute of medical talent in this town—may I be forgiven for my pride as a townsman, if I say we are rich in talent, —the medical profession concur in that. He is pretty much the same. We trusted to time, but time has done very little for him; he is pretty much the same. A glass of Madeira, Mr. Saunders."

Mr. Salamons took no notice of the principal's hospitable offer. "How are his spirits?" he asked, still speaking of his nephew, the parlor boarder, reading in the garden.

"Not bad,—by no means bad," replied the principal; "in that respect we have nothing to complain of. He has his books, his botanical studies, his herbal, and his dog. According to your instructions, he is indulged in every innocent fancy, and he has no fancies that are not innocent. He is a most amiable youth, and very generally beloved."

"That is gratifying to the feelings of an uncle," said Mr. Salamons.

"It *is* gratifying to the feelings of such an uncle as yourself, Mr. Saunders," answered the principal.

Mr. Salamons drew a leathern purse out of his pocket, and, opening it, counted out forty pounds in bank notes and sterling coin of the realm, which he handed to the principal.

"That," he said, is our annual payment.—Now, according to my annual custom, I should like to have five minutes' talk with my poor nephew, and then I'll walk back to my hotel and dine. To-morrow morning I return to London."

"Yours are flying visits, Mr. Saunders," said the principal, reflectively. Perhaps he was thinking whether it would be safe to invite Mr. Saunders to dinner on the strength of the certainty of a refusal.

"My duties," said Mr. Salamons, trying to look at his white neckcloth, "compel me to return to their sphere of action. Now, then, if you please."

The principal led the way to the garden. The boy was still reading, when they approached; but at the sound of their footsteps he looked up.

"Uncle Alfred," he said, recognizing Mr. Salamons.

"My dear George, I have come to have a look at you. Yes," said Mr. Salamons, taking his nephew's thin hand in his, "much the same. Are you happy, George?"

"Very happy, Uncle Alfred; everybody is so kind to me. We are very well treated, and we are very happy, are we not, Cæsar?" he said, turning to the dog.

The animal barked joyously, as if he had heard and understood the question.

"And you have no wish to leave this place?"

"None whatever, thank you, Uncle Alfred."

Mr. Salamons made no reply, but stood some minutes by the invalid-chair, looking down thoughtfully at his nephew's face.

"Did ever anybody see such a difference between him and that young limb yonder!" he thought, as he watched the placid countenance of his nephew.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LORD OF LISLEWOOD FALLS IN LOVE.

It was only to be expected that when so great a man, and, above all, so rich a man as Sir Rupert Lisle, returned to take possession of his paternal acres, humbler and poorer people should attach some importance to the event, and cast about in their minds how to turn it to their own account. A young man of one-and-twenty, sufficiently good-looking, enormously rich, and a baronet! This was the chorus which the young ladies for twenty miles round Lislewood sang in their hearts, as the fair-haired lad rode by upon his chestnut mare. Would he marry? and, if he did marry, whom would he marry? and when? Such questions as these were discussed at many tea tables during the eventful summer that heralded Sir Rupert's return; and towards the close of the following October the excitement was considerably increased by the circulation of a report that the young Baronet had actually fallen in love. Fallen in love in a dogged, obstinate manner, with the youngest daughter of Colonel Marmaduke, of the Grove, Lislewood.

Colonel Marmaduke was a man of about fifty, very poor, but very proud—as people said, the proudest man in Sussex. A rigid looking man, with hair and whiskers all of one cold gray color. A man who wore his coat always buttoned to the neck, and had never been seen out of a stiff black stock. A terrible man, the tradespeople said; a man who would give more trouble about a pound and a half of mutton chops than the Lislewood Park housekeeper with all the meat consumed in the great establishment. A severe and awful man, who held court-martials upon his five daughters' offences, and was reported to have beaten the eldest with a bamboo cane after that young lady attained her majority. The Grove was a dreary place. The house, tall and square, red and uncompromising, was flanked by a dismal row of poplars, in form very much resembling the Colonel himself.

The five motherless girls had never known very much of the joys of this world. They had seen nothing but poverty from their cradles, and the stern uncompromising pride of their father forbade their availing themselves of any of the few gayeties which Lislewood afforded. He would not have his daughters appear at a County Ball to which they could not be conveyed in their own carriage. Kind dowagers and friendly matrons offered to *chaperone* the young ladies, but Colonel Marmaduke shivered at the thought of anything approaching an obligation. "No, they had nothing but shabby muslin to wear if they went; so let them stay at home," he would say; "girls are better at home." So the girls stayed at home and worked crochet, because the materials required for that species of work were cheap enough even for them, and they read all the novels and travels, biographies and autobiographies, obtainable in the Lislewood Book Club, and Laura, the eldest of the five, was on the verge of thirty, and echoed the complaint of Tennyson's "Mariana," and declared that the day was dreary.

Now, although the four elder sisters bore so striking a resemblance to each other, both in character and person, as to be rather wearisome young ladies, the fifth daughter, Olivia, was as unlike the rest of the family as it was possible for her to be. The eldest four resembled their dead mother, and were fair-haired and insipid-looking. Olivia's eyes were of a deep and sombre black, large and beautifully shaped, but only lustrous when she was angry; then they emitted lightning flashes of beautiful fury, wonderful to look upon, but dangerous to encounter. She had a dark olive complexion, and strongly marked features. She was tall and straight like her father, and was said to have inherited all his pride. Her will was more indomitable than that of the Colonel himself, and where the four fair-haired sisters quailed before him, shedding tears at the sound of his angry voice, Miss Olivia would march straight up to him with the terrible light in her great black eyes, and would ask him what he meant by such conduct, and whether he thought that the breakfast parlor was a barrack, or that he was at the head of his regiment?

"You might say what you liked to a lot of unhappy raw recruits, poor wretches! they were obliged to bear your insolence; but you shall NOT conduct yourself in such a manner to us, while *I* am in the house!"

And the Colonel would turn very red, pull nervously at his stock, and walk straight out of the room, grumbling to himself in the passage, but not uttering one word in reply to his youngest daughter, for Miss Olivia was her father's favorite child. Perhaps the only creature whom the proud old Colonel really loved.

"I never had a son, sir," he would say to an old military man, who had served with him in the Peninsula, "I never had a son, though I should like to have had one, for Marmaduke is an old name, and worth preserving; but I have my daughter Olivia, and she's as good as any son. Egad! sir, you should hear her talk to me. She's the only creature I was ever afraid of, and, upon my word, she sometimes makes me shake in my shoes."

Miss Olivia Marmaduke was a very good horsewoman. Nobody knew how she had acquired that accomplishment, for there were no horses at the Grove; but rumor said that in her earlier years she had been in the habit of catching thorough-bred colts at grass in the neighboring meadows, and riding them until they succeeded in throwing her, which was no easy matter.

Now that she was nineteen years of age, and that the proprieties forbade her riding unbroken colts, Miss Olivia had taken an old riding habit of her mother's to the Lislewood tailor, in order that the garment might be altered to the fashion of the current year, and, in this shabby green cloth habit, and on a bony gray horse, lent to her by an old servant of her father's, who had turned farmer, she daily rode, in fair weather or foul, over the fair downs and through the pleasant country roads.

In one of these rides the young Amazon met with the much-talked-of Sir Rupert Lisle. Her father had called on the young Baronet, and an invitation to a dinner party at the Park had been sent to the family at the Grove; but in common with all other invitations, it had been declined by the Colonel, so that Olivia had never before seen Sir Rupert. She went home and gave a very animated description of the encounter.

"He came creeping up the hill, papa," she said, "picking his way with that white-footed chestnut of his, as if he'd been riding over eggs or on a tight-rope, and when he saw me he started as if he had seen a ghost, and my dog, Box, flew at his horse—Box always flies at horses with white feet,—and the Baronet dropped the bridle and turned as pale as death. 'My mare is rather nervous, Miss,' he said; I hate men who call you 'Miss!'—'please call off your dog;' and he looked so frightened and so stupid that I began to laugh, when he cried out, 'D—n it, will you call off that dog!' Now, it isn't likely that one of Colonel Marmaduke's daughters was going to be sworn at, except by the Colonel himself. So I drew myself up as stiff as a poker, looked at the Baronet straight in the face, called Box in a tone the young gentleman will not forget in a hurry, and galloped down the hill. When I got to the bottom, I looked back, and there was Sir Rupert, with his white hat at the back of his head, staring at me as if he'd been moonstruck."

"Perhaps he was struck by you, Olivia," simpered the eldest daughter. "There would be a chance for you! Sir Rupert Lisle, the best match in the county of Sussex! Why don't you try and marry him, Olivia?"

Miss Marmaduke felt that her chances of the holy estate of matrimony grew daily more remote, and she was rather inclined to be snappish and satirical with her handsome sister.

"*Try* and marry him!" exclaimed that young lady, with a scornful laugh. "Why in a week I'd twist him round my fingers.—as Lucy is twisting that stupid crochet cotton. I'd make him dance any step that I pleased, as the showman at Lislewood fair made the puppets he showed to the children." And the young lady, who had very pretty white hands, imitated the action of pulling the strings of a pasteboard figure. "Marry *him!* poor, pitiful little milksop! Why, Laura might marry him, if she had the courage to try, though her hair is thin at the parting, and she's getting on for—"

Miss Olivia finished this sentence by coughing maliciously.

"Oh, no, thank you," replied Miss Marmaduke, "I leave him for you, Olivia. I'm not clever enough, or handsome enough, and, thank goodness! I haven't vanity enough to try and entrap"—the young lady laid an emphasis on the word "entrap"—"a baronet with Heaven knows how many thousands a year, into marrying me. I leave the task to you, Olivia, and I shall be very glad to come and see you at Lislewood Park, if you'll have the goodness to invite me, though, of course, as I shall be only a poor relation, you'll give me one of the small bedrooms on the second floor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 2, 1861

Rejected Communications.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The Demand Treasury Notes *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

BALL'S BLUFF.

The first attempt to cross the upper Potomac in force has failed—that is, if it were an attempt, as one would suppose, to throw the greater portion of Gen. Banks' column on the other side, for the purpose of commencing offensive operations, in conjunction with Gen. McCall's command.

At Conrad's Ferry, the two thousand men which had crossed, were driven back with considerable loss—including that of the gallant and eloquent Baker, himself worth a thousand of ordinary men—while at Edwards' Ferry, where a much larger number held a position on the Virginia side for about two days, the approach of a superior force compelled the Union troops, under General Stone himself, to resume their old ground on the Maryland side of the river.

A military enterprise which miscarries, generally does so because of certain blunders, resulting from ignorance of the enemy's strength, or want of judgment in the planners. In the present case, it seems singular to us at this distance, that a crossing of such a river as the Potomac, especially when swollen by recent rains, should have been attempted with a few scows and canal boats, which would naturally prove totally inadequate either for a speedy reinforcement or for a sudden retreat. Thus we read, in Captain Young's statement, that the Potomac at Harrison's Island is about one eighth of a mile between the island and the Maryland side, and about two hundred feet wide on the Virginia side. He says:—

> No adequate means of transportation had been provided. It seemed as if the column was expected to walk across on the water-surface. Nothing but an old scow, capable of holding perhaps forty men, appeared available on either side of the island. If the Massachusetts men had had any other boats they were not visible in the morning. At length I discovered a large scow in the canal, and two hours were consumed in getting it over into the Maryland channel. It would hold about sixty men. Col. Baker, Lieut. Col. Wistar, Assistant Adjutant-General Harvey and myself went with the first load to the island, and there superintended the transit of our men.
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> It was 12 M. before our first company landed at the foot of the bush-covered precipice which rises abruptly over one hundred feet from the river bed on the further side of the river. Four hours more had elapsed before the last company landed. Sections of the Second Rhode Island Battery, comprising two howitzers, two field smooth-bores, and a rifled gun, went over with us, the men dragging them up the heights with great difficulty and spirit.

In short, they commenced crossing at 7 A. M., and did not get over to the other side until 4 P. M.—being thus nine hours in getting about 600 men across! In Capt. Young's opinion, this want of adequate transportation was the cause of the untoward result of the day.

Again, we read that Col. Devens, of the Massachusetts regiment, placed his men on falling back, as follows:—

> After Col. Devens fell back, his men were placed in a semi-circular clearing or natural forest opening, covering five or six acres, with its base resting on the edge of the heights and flanked and fronted by forest.

Of all exposed positions, the above would seem to a civilian the most so—the ridge being the only shelter for our troops—and the woods a capital shelter for the enemy.

Another account says that about 600 of the Massachusetts Fifteenth were stationed in the woods. The whole account, however, reminds us of the battles in old colonial times between the English regulars and the Indians.

And thus we might go on, but we must remember, on the other hand, that the generals who ordered the crossing of the river, and the colonel who placed his men in the position described, were not entirely demented. They probably had reasons satisfactory to themselves, and which would have been just as satisfactory to others in their places, for the course they pursued. At any rate, it is only fair to them to think so, until it is proved to the contrary.

As we have said before, and may have occasion to say again, it is an easy matter to censure, but it might be very difficult to do better. It is to be supposed that where men put their own as well as their soldiers' lives in peril, they look pretty sharply before they leap. And if they leap occasionally into a hornet's nest unaware, and pay the penalty, it does not become those who are safely ensconced at home to take it for granted at once that they have acted like simpletons or madmen.

And in this connection we may say, that nothing will be gained by changing our commanding officers too often. They too are learning. Reverses will teach them prudence and caution. Put raw men in their places, and they might have to learn in the same disastrous school. Only when incompetency is plainly manifest in one man, and competency just as plainly manifest in another, is it probable that a change will be beneficial. Such little reverses as the one in question are common in all great wars. The next time Generals Banks and Stone attempt to cross the Potomac, we warrant they will succeed.

FIRES IN THE REAR.

General Scott, as is well known, before departing on his Mexican campaign, expressed himself in very decided terms as to the unpleasantness of being exposed, in addition to the enemy's fire in front, to the fire of "friends" in the rear.

Such a fire, of late, seems to be opening upon General McClellan. It is said that certain influential parties, are already casting about for a successor to McClellan, and expect to find such in General Halleck, shortly expected at Washington from California.

We object to all this. We have never indulged, as so many have, in extravagant eulogies of General McClellan, because we considered that he had his reputation mainly to make. His campaign in Western Virginia appeared very satisfactory, and he evidently was well acquainted with the science of war—therefore we were well satisfied with his appointment to his present command. But whether he is capable of doing the important work now before him, we have always considered a thing to be proved.

But, McClellan having been appointed, we think he is entitled to a fair trial of his capacity. So far he certainly has done reasonably well—sufficiently well to entitle him to the continued confidence of the country. He has improved the discipline of the forces under him—has acquired the confidence of his troops and of the people—and now we say let him have a fair and untrammeled field.

We are a little afraid that there are too many military cooks in Washington, that the broth of the ensuing campaign will be spoiled, and that nobody—not even "the newspapers," this time—will be accountable for it. The wise plan, it seems to us, would be to give McClellan the supreme command—if he has not that now—and let him take the responsibility of the department of the Potomac. In a multitude of counsellors, in war times, there is more apt to be confusion than safety.

And what we have said of McClellan applies equally to Fremont. The government having appointed him, should repress the "fire in his rear" which seems to originate at Washington. Especially while the army in Missouri is almost in front of the enemy, and battle may be given at any moment, let the fire in Fremont's rear be stopped. We shall soon be able to judge a little as to his capability or incapability—in fact all the indications are now that a battle is imminent.

We confess that while we have perfect confidence in the honesty and integrity of President Lincoln, we have not an equal degree of confidence in several of the old politicians who are in his cabinet. We fear that they are always fearing that some military leader will acquire the affections of the people, and block their way to the next Presidency. We know that he must be a mean man who can think at all of the next Presidency at a time like this, but then an old politician is almost necessarily a mean man. And if the present war puts an end to the political influence and career of a host of these gentlemen, it will be at least one great gain for the country.

TRYING TO PICK A QUARREL.

The recent letter of Lord Lyons informing Mr. Seward that the law officers of the Crown have advised her Majesty's government that the recent arrests of two British subjects are illegal, and treating the Secretary of State to their opinions upon the "maxims" of the U. S. Constitution, is certainly a very curious state paper.

It has the look of trying to pick a quarrel—for there is no complaint that the British subjects in question have been treated with any more harshness than hundreds of our own citizens. If the "maxims" of the Constitution are set aside for a time, it is, as Mr. Seward says in a reply whose principal fault is that it is too wordy—because the necessities of self-defence absolutely require it. As Mr. Seward phrases it:—

> *The American people, after having tried in every way to avert civil war, have accepted it at last as a stern necessity.* The chief interest, while it lasts, is not the enjoyment of society, or the profits of trade, *but the saving of the national life.* That life saved, all the other blessings which attended it will speedily return with greater assurance of continuance than ever before.
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> *The safety of the whole people has become, in the present emergency, the supreme law, and so long as the danger shall exist all classes of society equally, the denizen and the citizen, cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which that law prescribes.*

But there is always opportunity for complaint and fault-finding when the disposition to find fault exists; and we trust that when Parliament again assembles, the friends of peace in the House of Commons will take measures to prevent any further attempts of the Ministry to pick a quarrel. It is a miserable business for men boasting free English blood—the blood of Cromwell and Wilberforce—to be engaged in; but we suppose it is the false blood of the false Stuarts that does it.

MISSOURI.

The last advices from Missouri would seem to indicate a coming battle. The advance of Fremont's army, under Sigel, was so near the rebel Price, that the latter would apparently have great difficulty in retreating much further without fighting. Price was either at Greenfield or Springfield, Sigel about twenty miles from him, and the Kansas troops under General Lane about two days' march to the north. Fremont was on his way to Quincy, in Hickory County—the bulk of his army seemed to be at Warsaw, about to cross the Osage River on a trestle bridge which had been just completed, and which would be valuable in advance, and necessary in retreat, as a recent sad experience proves.

It was reported that the Texan rebels had received orders to march to Houston, the Arkansas troops to Little Rock, and the Missourians to Camp Walker, (in Arkansas, we believe). Such a report, if true, would lead to the inference that the Texans were to join the rebels in south-eastern Missouri, as Houston would be on their way to that section. They may apprehend that it is Fremont's design ultimately to sweep around in that direction, and take their forces in that little corner where Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri come together, in the flank and rear.

As our readers will see by their maps, nearly all has been again won that had been lost by the reverses at Lexington and Springfield. If Price determines to fight, we think we shall have good news this time. If he does not, Fremont will probably redeem the state. We must confess that just now, all the stories we have heard of Fremont's incompetency, seem to look a little like perversions. Still, let us not make up our minds too soon. A few weeks more probably will throw considerabe light on the subject. We for one, wish no man retained in command who cannot win us victories, be it Fremont, McClellan, Scott, Banks, Stone, or anybody else. But let us give every man a fair trial before we throw him aside—and remember that the test of a general's capacity is not mainly whether he always does things in the most regular, proper, and economical manner possible, but can he organize and achieve success in the field. We should overlook and pardon a good many faults and errors in a man, if he only proves that he has the talent of success. That talent will be worth of itself to us, even in a pecuniary point of view, tens of millions of dollars.

WONDERFUL!

An English member of Parliament by the name of Foster, recently delivered a lecture on the American Rebellion, which manifests a complete acquaintance with the subject!

We had not believed such a thing possible. We had come to the conclusion that no Englishman, however good his intentions, could possibly understand the length and breadth of American politics; and that nine Englishmen in ten could not even learn the geography of the North American continent. Bulwer Lytton evidently imagines that the whole of North America is included in the United States—and the British Quarterly Review supposes that Pensacola is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico! As to the uneducated classes, there is no telling what they believe. A friend of ours once evidently offended a gentleman he met on a Thames steamboat, by giving him an account of the Mississippi river. John Bull thought he was being "stuffed," and did not like it.

But Mr. Foster knows what he is talking about—and thus proves himself one in a thousand. We commend his speech to all readers of The Post in Canada and Great Britain, as a true version of our present difficulties.

Honor to Foster! May his shadow never grow less—but may he become as portly as a London alderman, and even as the Lord Mayor himself, who, it is said, must always be a man not able to see his own toes.

UNITED WE STAND.

The great telegraph line to San Francisco, California, is completed—almost before we knew it was well under way. It is an auspicious event, and brings us into close communion with our brethren of the Pacific coast. The next great enterprise, which must be left for more peaceable times, is the railroad. The *N. Y. Tribune* says:—

> The tariff from New York to Salt Lake City for the short time since the line opened, has been $8,20 for every ten words. The message sent by the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of New York, left the former place at about 10 A. M., and was received here about 4 P. M. Inquiries were sent over the lines yesterday to ascertain what tariff of prices had been agreed upon for through messages, but no reply was received. This telegraph is mainly a Western enterprise.

The course taken by the wires is said to be four or five thousand miles long. A great part of it is through a wild country, where the Indian still dwells. This line of telegraph is to be carried over into Russian Asia, and thence to St. Petersburg, where it will connect with all the cities of Europe.

Worse Than Folly.—The editors of the daily papers it seems to us, might easily have sufficient common-sense to prevent their publishing high-flown descriptions of the reverses of the Union cause. We do not wish any imitations of the lying inventions of the rebels, but there is no use in magnifying every little reverse into a matter of importance. The influence of the daily press is too great for such folly—let it put courage and hope into its readers, and if its conductors have not those virtues themselves, let them at least pretend to have them.

The Pennsylvania Quota.—We see it stated that Governor Curtin states *officially* that Pennsylvania has now in the field 73,000 volunteers, of whom 50,000 are in the army of the Potomac, 3,000 are in Kentucky, and 20,000 in camps in various parts of the state, waiting orders.

The Affairs at Pensacola and New Orleans.—We have at length the true account of the night attack on Wilson's Zouaves on Santa Rosa island, and of the affair at the mouth of the Mississippi. In the latter—for which New Orleans, thankful for small favors, illuminated—no damage of any account was done to our vessels, and "nobody was hurt." In the attack on Wilson's camp, the rebels burned the camp, but went off in hot haste, losing more in killed, wounded, and prisoners than we did. One of their own papers begins to think that they have painted their accounts of the affair with too much "rose color." But this is their habit. They never are beaten—not they. For that matter, Beauregard's report of the battle of Manassas has never yet been published, although promised the people a long time ago. It seems a very hard subject to dish up in a presentable fashion.

The Rebels Begin to Despond.—By the desponding article we publish this week from the *Richmond Whig*, it will be seen that the hopes of the rebels are already dashed considerably. They might as well give up, and come down at once, like the coon—Captain Scott has his eye on them.

BAKER AND BRODERICK.

A strange and melancholy comparison (says the Philada. Press) may be drawn between the character of David C. Broderick and the character of Edward D. Baker; and we cannot better illustrate this thought than by reprinting the following paragraphs from Baker's magnificent eulogy pronounced over the dead body of his friend at San Francisco, on the 18th of September, 1859. His delineation of Broderick may be used as a picture of himself:—

A Senator lies dead in our midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his toils and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be surrounded by no public lamentation. We are here of every station and pursuit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sigh compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have known him best, and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the state, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond, the masses of the people that he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder-cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

And now, as the shadows turn towards the east, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting-place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride which prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous, and brave. He felt, in all the great crises of his life, that he was a leader in the ranks and for the rights of masses of men, and he could not falter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of death was casting his shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them. "Baker," said he—and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it.

But, fellow-citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and, as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails.—Who now shall speak for California? Who be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast? Who can appeal to the communities of the Atlantic who love free labor? Who can speak for the masses of men with a passionate love for the classes from whence he sprung? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the insolence of office, the corruptions of Administrations? What hopes are buried with him in the grave!

> "Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
> Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb?"

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Thus, oh, brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other voice among us so rung its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Earl Russell, in a speech at New Castle, deplored the disaster which had befallen the United States. He said he could not see that harmony would be restored either by the surrender or subjugation of the South. The English government had no immediate power or interest in the matter, but must watch closely what was happening, and if occasion offers, use its influence in the cause of freedom and humanity.

The Duc d'Aumale, in a letter, rejoices that his nephews have joined the American army, and on the right side.

A proclamation was published in Warsaw on the 14th, declaring Poland in a state of siege. The military again occupied the squares of Warsaw. A national demonstration had been fixed for the 15th, but no news had been received of the result.

The Pirates.—The trial of Smith, the privateersman, for piracy, ended on Friday in his conviction by the jury. Judge Grier laid down the general principles of law which governed the case, and showed that rebellion, however extended, did not invest the insurgents with national rights, or deprive the government rebelled against of its own, one of which is the right to punish as pirates those who are depredating upon property of its citizens upon the high seas. Judge Cadwalader also clearly explained to the jury the application of the statute law to the facts in this case, and the jury rendered a verdict of guilty in a very short time. The punishment of piracy is death. Whether this punishment will be inflicted or not, will depend upon the act of the President.

THE FIGHT AT BALL'S BLUFF.

First Attempt to Cross the Potomac Near Leesburg—The Union Troops Driven Back—Col. Baker Killed—Heavy Loss—The Troops Re-Cross to the Maryland Side.

From various reports of the recent fight at Ball's Bluff, near Leesburg, Va., we condense the following account:

The Union forces crossed the Potomac in two places, at Conrad's Ferry and at Edwards's Ferry. The force which crossed at or near Conrad's Ferry is given by one authority as follows:

First Battalion of California regiment,	689
Massachusetts Fifteenth regiment, about	1,000
Massachusetts Twentieth regiment, about	500
Tammany regiment,	200
Total,	2,389

Col. Owen says our force was 1,736.

The above all belonged to Gen. Stone's division, under Major General Banks.

Capt. F. G. Young, of New York, *aid to Col. Baker, and who was with him when he died*, gives the following account:

Gen. Stone ordered Col. Baker, on Sunday evening to have his brigade ready to move at 7 o'clock on Monday morning. The brigade was then stationed five miles from Conrad's Ferry. At 3 o'clock in the morning, however, a messenger from Gen. Stone ordered the first battalion, under Lieutenant Colonel Wistar, to move immediately, so as to be at Conrad's Ferry at sunrise, which they did, and reported themselves to Gen. Stone.

Orders were then sent from Gen. Stone to the battalion to stand fast until they should hear heavy firing in front, and then to cross. About an hour afterward, musketry having been heard previously, dead and wounded began to be brought over to where we were. At 10 o'clock the number of killed and wounded brought in was increased. Gen. Stone ordered Colonel Baker to take command of the forces on both sides of the river at that place, and to bring up his brigade and the Tammany regiment, commanded by Colonel Coggswell, which was in camp about three miles distant, and to cross immediately.

Capt. Young carried the orders to the Tammany regiment, and the whole force proceeded about a mile down the river, ready to cross. We found two scows, each of which could carry from forty to fifty men, and managed to get from the canal a dug-out, which would take sixty or seventy more.

Six companies of the first battalion of the California regiment, three pieces of artillery, with men and horses, belonging to the Tammany regiment, with Col. Baker, Col. Coggswell, Lieutenant Colonel Wistar, Assistant Adjutant General Harvey, and Capt. Young, got to the island, where we were joined by a battery of the Second Rhode Island Artillery with two small howitzers. The passage to the island was very difficult, with our insufficient means of transportation, the distance being a quarter of a mile, and the current swift. We poled ourselves up the eastern shore a long distance, thence were drifted down to the landing. From the island to the Virginia shore, our only means of transportation was one scow and a metallic boat of little or no service. We landed under a steep bank, 160 feet high, covered with rocks and jungle.

Scrambling up the bank, we found an open field of six acres, with thick woods on three sides, out of which came a constant, irregular firing from the enemy. Here were Col. Devin's Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment on the right in line at the edge of the woods having been driven in after proceeding a mile and a half toward Leesburg. We formed on the left, and presently advanced two companies of skirmishers to the woods in front. The concealed enemy drove them back with a heavy, telling volley, and following the regular with an irregular firing. Our men fell on their bellies under the brow of the hill, the enemy not being in sight. The artillery could not be served because the gunners were not to be found.

Captain Stewart, of Gen. Stone's staff, came with a message to Col. Baker to hold his ground, as Gen. Gorman, with 5,000 men was marching from Edwards's Ferry to reinforce him. One company was advanced to the left, the direction from which Gen. Gorman was expected. They were met by a yell and a volley as before, and fell back to the line. The hidden enemy now appeared to be in force on three sides of us, which, with the river at their back, disheartend the men.

The line officers of the Massachusetts regiment ordered their companies to retreat, and the enemy coming out of the woods for the first time in sight, general confusion ensued. The men, running to the water's edge and finding no boats, rallied, ran up the hill, discharged two volleys, when an officer of the Massachusetts Fifteenth tied a white handkerchief to his sword. The enemy ceased firing and took prisoners. Many escaped into the woods. Some swam for the island, others found small skiffs. Some were drowned, among them many of the wounded.

Soon after Captain Stewart's appearance, Col. Baker, who was, during the whole engagement, perfectly cool and brave, on foot, cheering and leading on the men, was shot from the wood, several balls making fatal wounds, and all believed to have been shot from one revolver. The rebel who killed him ran out out in his shirt-sleeves, followed by four or five others. As they approached the body, Capt. Devin, Bieral of the Twenty-second, and Ward, the pugilist, with ten men of his company, rushed forward, shot the killer, and drove away the rest. Capt. Young bore the body from the field.

Another account says:—

Two howitzers and two field pieces of the Second Rhode Island Battery were hauled up the hill and effectively handled during the fight by Col. Baker himself, aided by Wistar, his Adjutant-General Hawly, Col. Coggswell, of the Tammany and company G, Capt. Berriel, First California. Only the Rhode Island officers stood by their guns, the men retreating early in the fray.

The enemy charged from the woods in all directions, converging upon our forces. They were bravely met; but the slaughter of our best officers and men was so terrific that the United States forces were at last obliged to retreat.

Col. Baker was killed by a horseman, who rode close to him and fired five shots from a revolver, all taking effect. The slayer was at once brought down in turn by Capt. Berriel. The same brave fellow recovered Baker's body, heading a charge of his company for that purpose. Finally, Col. Coggswell, just as he was taken, gave the order to retreat, and an individual rush was made down the hill to the river. Only one gun was brought away.

Washington, Oct. 24.—From the best data obtained at Harrison's Island, up to late this evening, it is believed that the number of killed is 79; wounded in our possession and in possession of the enemy 141; missing now prisoners in the hands of the enemy or wandering in the woods on both shores of the river, not exceeding 400. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing 620. This will be reduced by men returning to camp as they are constantly coming in.

The officers and men behaved with the most extraordinary courage. They were pressed by an overpowering force, but stood firm until their whole supply of ammunition was exhausted, and then retreated to the river, and threw their guns and swords into the river, to prevent the enemy from getting possession of them.

Col. Raymond Lee and staff were furnished with a skiff to make their escape. The colonel gallantly refused, and gave orders to use it for conveying the wounded across the river. It was filled with wounded, who reached the Maryland shore in safety. The humane and gallant officer was taken prisoner. All credit is due to him.

Col. Coggswell took command when Gen. Baker fell, and behaved with the greatest coolness and gallantry. He is also a prisoner.

Gen. McClellan returns with renewed confidence in the action and efficiency of his soldiers.

The conduct of Gen. Baker, in his effort to rescue the Massachusetts and other men under fire, was heroic beyond description.

Col. Joshua T. Owen, of the Second Regiment, California Brigade, arrived here tonight direct from Edwards's Ferry, and has related the following additional particulars in regard to the recent engagement:—

The force was seventeen hundred and thirty-six on our side. Of the number killed, wounded and missing, two hundred and thirty-seven belonged to Col. Baker's regiment.

Captain Vaughan, who was sent over to bring the dead, reports that a large number of the Rebels slain were carried away, while others were interred on the battle field. The impression is that their killed far exceeded ours, owing to the efficiency of our artillery.

Lieut. Col. Wistar, who was wounded in the shoulder, arm and jaw, is considered out of danger.

Capt. Markoe, of Philadelphia, was wounded in the arm and taken prisoner.

Lieut. Williams, of Capt. Putnam's Company, was killed.

Col. Owen further states that immediately previous to the fall of Col. Baker, the Rebels made a flank movement to turn the latter's line. Col. Baker perceiving this, immediately wrote an order, to be conveyed to the companies of the Tammany Regiment which had just arrived, and while immediately facing his command to meet the flank movement, and about giving orders to charge, he was killed, falling ten feet in advance of the column.

The field on which the battle was fought is circumscribed within an area of six acres.

Lieutenant Bennett, who was taken prisoner, reports that Colonel Hatton of the Rebel army was killed at the commencement of the engagement.

The order of Gen. Stone, on which Col. Baker was acting when he fell, was found near his body. It is now said that it will be made the subject of a special report. Col. Baker, reading it upon the battle-field, is represented to have said, "I will do it, but this is my death-warrant."

The Other Crossing.—The force under Gen. Stone, which crossed at Edwards's Ferry did so successfully, but recrossed after a day or two. The enemy approaching in heavy force, it was judged advisable to withdraw our troops from the Virginia shore, both at Edwards's Ferry and Harrison's Island.

Gen. Stone removed them during the tempestuous storm in the night of the 23rd, with safety. Gen. Stone was among the last to leave the shore, and no accident whatever occurred.

This was rendered the more necessary from the high stage of the water and the prevalence of a gale, which made it a matter of impossibility to throw over a sufficient force to make our positions there perfectly secure against a general attack.

Private accounts from the Upper Potomac represent that the soldiers reported as missing, are from time to time coming in, while others, who were carried down by the current of the river, are known to be now under shelter in tenements on its bank.

It is well ascertained that the enemy were 4,500 strong, and were under the command of General Evans. They fought well, and suffered severely. It is supposed their loss in killed and wounded is double that of our side. They were well armed, but poorly clad, scarcely any of them having uniforms.

The bravery of the men of the Pennsylvania California battalion, who, in the face of certain destruction, fighting against hope, and holding their ground to the last possible moment against fearful odds, has never been excelled by any army that was ever led into the field. The Massachusetts Regiments also did nobly, and the Tammany, from New York.

The Rebel pickets, which were stationed all along the river, could see every boat load cross, and knew how many we had over as well as we did. We had not over 1,600 to 1,700 over at any time, and over 1,200 in action.

The loss is heaviest in the California Regiment, though the Massachusetts Fifteenth have lost 250 to 300 killed, wounded and missing. The Twentieth and Tammany have also lost heavily. Among the Rebels were the Tiger Zouaves, who wore red shirts.

It is said that shortly after General Baker had crossed the Potomac, he saw an officer mounted on a horse, whom he supposed to be the Rebel General Johnson. He grasped convulsively for his pistols, at the same time remarking that it was his intention to dispatch him. But much to his disappointment he found his pistols were not in his belt; he remembered then that he had left them behind in his tent. At this period Wisner (a private of Philadelphia) raised his musket and fired, and immediately the officer dropped from the back of his charger, and some half dozen loyal troops pierced him with their bayonets, but the enemy suddenly coming upon them, they had to retreat in haste, leaving the body of the supposed Gen. Johnson on the field, in charge of his Rebel allies. How much truth is in this story remains to be seen. It may be confirmed; but it is not likely that the officer alluded to was Gen. Johnson.

THE TENNESSEE REBELS REPULSED.

The rebels under Zollicoffer, amounting to nearly 7,000 men, attacked a Union camp under Col. Garrard in Kentucky. The Union forces numbered about 1,200. Three different attacks were made by the rebels, but they were repulsed with loss. Our loss 4 killed and 20 wounded.

A Flank Attack from California.—The California papers of the last mail inform us of an important movement in that state looking to an attack on the Confederates in flank, by an advance through Arizona and Texas. The advancing column is to be about 8,000 strong, under command of General Sumner. Its aim will be to march through Arizona to western Texas, and by this means draw the Confederate forces from Missouri, while the Union army in this state press them in front. The movement will be an important one, and though, on account of the great distance between California and Texas, considerable time will be required for its execution, there is no doubt that it will render valuable service by compelling the enemy to cease his aggressions on Missouri, and defend his own positions.

It is stated that Zollicoffer, in Kentucky, is in full retreat, and falling back to Cumberland.

FIGHT AT FREDERICKTON, MO.

Two Hundred Rebels Killed—Jeff. Thompson Fled to Greenville.

At Fredericton, Mo., the rebels under Thompson and Lowe were attacked by a combined Union force from Ironton and Cape Girardeau under Col. Plummer.

After a sharp contest, Col. Lowe, one of the rebel leaders, was killed, and four heavy guns taken.

Col. Plummer returned with his command to Cape Girardeau. Col. Carlin now occupies Frederickton with a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and two pieces of artillery.

Thompson and his rebel band were pursued twenty-two miles beyond Frederickton on the Greenville road, when the chase was abandoned. They are probably at Greenville now, but they are completely demoralized, and will, doubtless, continue their retreat.

The detail sent out to bury the dead after the battle, reported nearly 200 of the rebels killed and left on the field.

Our loss was 6 killed and about 40 wounded—one mortally.

DIRECT TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WITH THE PACIFIC.

FIRST MESSAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

New York, Oct. 25.—The Overland California Telegraph has been completed. The following message was received this afternoon:

San Francisco, Oct. 25.

To the Mayor of New York:—San Francisco to New York sends greetings; and congratulates her on the completion of the enterprize which connects the Pacific with the Atlantic.

May the prosperity of both cities be increased thereby, and the projectors of this important work meet with honor and reward.

H. F. Teschemaker,
Mayor of San Francisco.

St. Josephs, Oct. 25.—The Pacific Telegraph was completed to San Francisco yesterday, and was in fine working order last evening. The first through message transmitted over the line, is from Shippen Field, Chief Justice of California in the absence of the Governor, to Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

In consequence of the line being closed east of here before we received notice of the line working last night, we were obliged to hold the message, with others, over night. The enterprize is a complete success. Press dispatches and private business forwarded from here up to twelve o'clock last night, were laid before the public in California this morning.

Cleveland, Oct. 25.—The following message from H. W. Carpenter, President of the California State Telegraph Company, was received here to day.

San Francisco, Oct. 25.—To J. H. Wade, President of the Pacific Telegraph Company.

We greet you across the continent. You beat us by a day or two, but we forgive you, and for it receive our congratulations.

H. W. Carpenter.

This completion of the last link of the American Telegraph connects Cape Race with the Golden Horn, traversing nearly five thousand miles with one continuous wire, and bringing those two points within two hours telegraphic time of each other.

The next westward extension of the line will be via Behring's Straits, to the mouth of the Amoor river, to which point the Russian Government is already constructing a line, commencing at Moscow. This is the extension which Mr. P. D. Collins projected and has been for so long a time advocating.

The completion of the American Telegraph to the Amoor river will leave scarcely anything further to achieve in telegraphic enterprise. It will connect America with Europe via Moscow, and, through lines either already built or projected, with all the important commercial points in China, India, Jeddo in Japan, and even Melbourne, in Australia.

Some time ago, the Russian Government told Mr. Collins that, when the working of a line from St. Louis to this city became a fixed fact, they would look upon that fact as proof of the practicability of a line from hence to Moscow, and would thenceforth proceed more rapidly with their own line to the Amoor.

The proprietors of the Pacific line having been for some time convinced of the perfect feasibility of Mr. Collins' project, as well as of its vast importance to the whole commercial world, have become much interested in the enterprise, and hence it is their intention to push it forward with all practicable speed. Mr. Collins is now at the eastward, whence it is his intention, at no distant day, to proceed to St. Petersburg, in the farther pursuit of his gigantic enterprise.

It is understood that the Russian Government has already an agent in the Eastern states, looking into the working of the American telegraph system.

Buffalo, New York, Oct. 24.—The operator states that over two hundred private messages were received to-day at Buffalo from San Francisco, which will reach New York to-night.

FROM MISSOURI.

Head Quarters at Pilot Knob, Mo., Oct. 25.—Col. Boyd, of the Twenty fourth Missouri regiment, commandant at this post, announces that the proclamation of General Fremont, as modified by the President, declaring martial law, will be rigidly enforced in the counties of Jefferson, St. Francois, Washington and Ironton, and that all persons taken in arms against the Government of the United States, in an irregular warfare, or who may be found in any manner in burning or otherwise injuring railroad or other bridges, or cutting telegraph wires or injuring any public property, will be summarily shot. Also, that the sympathizers with the rebellion, who are constantly visiting the station on the Iron Mountain Railroad and giving information to the rebels, will hereafter be arrested and dealt with as spies.

A Commission for Missouri.—By direction of the President, a commission has been appointed, consisting of Hon. David Davis, of Illinois, Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, and Hugh Campbell, of St. Louis, to examine and report upon all unsettled claims against the Military Department of the West, which may have originated prior to the 14th of the present month, at which time the order was issued that all moneys must be disbursed by the regularly appointed agent of the Government. The Commission are to meet at St. Louis, and enter upon their duties as soon as practicable. Samuel T. Glover, of St. Louis, is to act as counsel for the Government.

It is reported at Washington, that although Gen. Fremont has been somewhat extravagant in his expenditures, in making St. Louis the base of his operations, there can be no other charge alleged against him. His plans are all well conceived, and he will be able to show that political jealousies are the true causes of the prejudices which have been raised against him.

NEWS ITEMS.

Rebel Losses.—A gentleman now holding a commission, and now stationed at West Point, who was till recently a professor in the University of Mississippi, states that the carnage among the rebels must have been terrible at Bull Run. The dead bodies of one hundred and forty-seven men, residents of Oxford, (Miss.) where the University is situated, were sent home directly after that engagement. At that rate, the number of killed must have been several thousands.

The Nut Crop.—Shellbarks and chestnuts were never more abundant in this section of the country than they are at the present time. The country stores in the "shellbark region" are fairly groaning under the weight of nuts stored away on the story next to the roof. At some stores bushels upon bushels of them have been received. The price paid for shellbarks has been from 80 cents to $1,25 a bushel, and chestnuts from 5 cents to 8 cents a quart. The ruling price up country last week, for shellbarks, was 80 cents, and for chestnuts 5 cents. Some storekeepers in Doylestown bought them at equally low rates, though they have been retailing chestnuts at 12 to 18 cents a quart.—*Philada. Press.*

Several articles in late numbers of Parisian journals defend the policy of our government with great zeal and ability. The Journal des Debats contends that it is by no means certain that the whole South desires to secede, and that all events, she has no right to do so.

Gen. Lander.—On the advent of the news of the fall of Col. Baker, Gen. Lander was immediately ordered to the scene of his death, being at that time making arrangements to proceed to his new command, higher up the Potomac. While engaged in reconnoitring, he received a rebel shot in the calf of his leg. We hear that the wound is not likely to trouble him much, however.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have expressed a desire to repair their road between Harper's Ferry and Cumberland, and Gen. Lander has been appointed to the command of a new department—that of Harper's Ferry and Cumberland—for the purpose of protecting the working parties.

A Savage Act.—A Tennessee paper says that Andrew Johnson (the U. S. Senator from Tennessee,) is very bitter against the Secessionists. Whether he is so or not, he has certainly had enough to make him bitter. A band of the rebels went to his house in East Tennessee with the avowed intention of hanging him, and, not finding him at home, they cut a hickory withe in the woods and scourged with it the body of his wife. Who could wonder if the outraged husband were to raise his clenched right hand towards God's firmament and swear to wage a war of extermination against the infernal miscreants!—*Louisville Journal.*

Preparations to Open on Pensacola.—Mr. Packard, a native of Maine, and fugitive from Florida, who arrived in the steamer Gen. McClellan, communicates the fact that Col. Brown had made all arrangements to open his batteries upon Pensacola on the 16th, but was prevented by the state of affairs at the mouth of the Mississippi, which rendered it necessary that two of the ships which were to have taken part in the action should go to the aid of the fleet there.

Fremont Not to be Removed—4,000 Guns Captured—Garibaldi's Letter.

Washington, Oct. 28th.—Several Western Senators and Governors are here, and all are urging the retention of General Fremont in his command in Missouri. His case is considered settled for the present, and he will not be removed.

The Navy Department has information that the Massachusetts (Captain Alden) has captured, on the Texas coast, two vessels loaded with arms and munitions of war. The second vessel captured, had, among other things, four thousand Enfield guns.

Garibaldi writes to the U. S. Consul at Antwerp, under date of Sept. 10th:—"I shall not be able to go to the United States at present. I do not doubt of the triumph of the cause of the Union, and that shortly; but if this war should unfortunately continue in your beautiful country, I shall overcome all obstacles which detain me to hasten to the defence of a people who are so dear to me."

MILITARY DEFINITION.

"Why are our Governor's aids called his *staff?*"
Asked the wife of Corporal Dick,
"Because," replied Richard, repressing a laugh,
"Very nearly each one is—a *stick!*"

☞ Better Married an American Sovereign.—A London correspondent says that "the unhappy relations that exist between the Princess Royal of England and the husband selected for her by the laws which regulate royal alliances, have now become so well known that it is idle to remain longer reticent on the subject." It is even said that the Prince of Prussia has struck his wife.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ Take any thousand from the hordes that are hanging on the track of the nationals in Missouri, and who prate about "our nigger," and 999 of them are too poor to buy a baby, if full grown niggers were selling at ten cents a dozen.—*Missouri Correspondent N. Y. Times.*

☞ Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

☞ "Little Mac" is the pet name the soldiers have given Gen. McClellan.

☞ Some of the rebel slaveholders, who want to be out of harm's way, have followed the runaway slaves to Canada, as a place of refuge.

☞ The Louisville Journal says "Hundreds of those exceedingly sensitive Kentuckians who so eloquently proclaimed that they could never take up arms against the Southern states, inasmuch as those states were Kentucky's sisters, have now taken up arms for the conquest of Kentucky herself.—Isn't that enough to make the devil laugh?"

☞ A farmer came to Rochester last week with *six squashes* to sell, that number being all his wagon would hold. One of these squashes weighed *one hundred and twenty-five pounds!* The others averaged sixty pounds each. They were of the California variety.

☞ Why are Lincoln and Hamlin "one and inseparable?" Behold the reason! Abrahamlincoln.

☞ A cotemporary says "a female recruit in Rochester was detected by trying to put her pants on over her head."

☞ A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are [illegible] lost as the pearls slipping [illegible] string

LATEST NEWS.

GOOD NEWS FROM MISSOURI.

Official Dispatch from General Fremont—Brilliant Action at Springfield—2,000 Rebels Driven Out by Fremont's Body Guard—The Stars and Stripes Raised on the Court-House.

St. Louis, Oct. 27.—The following dispatch was received here this evening:

"Head-Quarters in the Field,
Near Humansville, Mo., Oct. 26.

"To Captain McKeever, Assistant Adjutant-General.

"Yesterday afternoon Major Zagoni, at the head of my body-guard, made a most brilliant charge on a body of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle in their camp at Springfield, 2,000 or 2,200 strong. He completely routed them, cleared them from the town, hoisted the national flag on the court-house, and retired on a reinforcement which he has already joined. Our loss is not great.

This successful charge against such very large odds is a noble example to the army.

Our advance will occupy Springfield to-night.

Signed, J. C. Fremont,
Major-General Com'g.

Gen. Fremont's body guard numbers but 300 men.

Official Report of Major Zagoni—Details of the Rebel Route at Springfield.

St. Louis, Oct. 27.—[Special to St. Louis Republican.]

Headquarters, Western Department, Gorts' Station, Mo., Oct. 26.

The following dispatch has been received, announcing a brilliant victory at Springfield, by Gen. Fremont's body guard, numbering 150 men:

Five Miles out of Bolivar, 10 o'clock, A. M., Oct. 25.—General: I report respectfully that yesterday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., I met in Springfield about 2,000 of the rebels formed in line of battle. They gave me a very warm reception, but your guard, with one feeling, made a charge, and in less than three minutes the enemy was completely routed by 150 men. We cleared the city of every rebel, and retired, it being near night, and not feeling able to keep the place with so small a force. Major White's command did not participate in the charge. I have seen charges, but such brilliant unanimity and bravery I have never seen and did not expect. Their war cry, "Fremont and the Union," broke forth like thunder. (Signed) Charles Zagoni,
Major Commanding Body Guard.

Col. John M. Richardson, who rode over to the vicinity of Springfield last evening, says that Major Zagoni was guided to the town from the Jefferson to the Mount Vernon road by Judge Owens. The rebel camp was just outside of the city. Major Zagoni was compelled to pass through a lane and let down a number of fence rails before he could charge on the foe, thus drawing their fire. There was a good deal of street firing in Springfield, and from the houses. Two rebels who ran out of their dwellings and fired at the body guard were killed.

Major Zagoni was advised of the force of the rebels, but he was determined to have a fight.

Col. Pearce, said to be from Arkansas, commanded one of the rebel regiments.

It is thought that the cause of the increased rebel force at Springfield was the large amount of plunder gathered there for some weeks past, which it is stated they intend to take South with them, but which will of course now fall into our hands.

The loss on either side is not stated.

The Battle of Fredericktown.

Fifty prisoners taken at the battle of Fredericktown have been put to work in the trenches at Cape Girardeau. The report of Major Schofield, who commanded the battery in the action, shows that this victory was the most complete of any yet achieved by our army during the war. Jeff. Thompson escaped on foot after having his horse killed under him. The rebel force was about 6,000 while our own force was only 4,000.

Brilliant Victory at Romney, Va.

Gen. B. F. Kelly Routs the Rebels, Capturing Three Cannon and Many Prisoners—The Rebels' Wagons and Camp Equipage Taken—Retreat Towards Winchester.

New Creek, Va., Oct. 27.—Brigadier B. F. Kelly marched from this point on Friday night, and attacked the Rebel entrenchments at Romney, yesterday afternoon. He routed the enemy, capturing many prisoners, three pieces of cannon and all their wagons and camp equipage. The rebels retreated towards Winchester.

Our loss is trifling. That of the rebels has not been ascertained, but is believed to be large.

Official Dispatch of Gen. Kelly.

Washington, October 27.—Lieut. General Scott to-day received the following despatch, dated Romney, Va., Oct. 26, P. M.

In obedience to your orders, I moved on this place at 12 o'clock last night, attacked the enemy at three o'clock this afternoon, and drove in their outposts, and, after a brilliant action of two hours, completely routed them, taking all their cannon and much of their camp equipage, and many prisoners. Our loss is but trifling, but cannot say to what extent.

(Signed) Brig. Gen. B. F. Kelly,
Commanding.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says:—Pennsylvania has now in service 70,[illegible]00 troops, and has regiments numbering 31,[illegible]000 more in preparation for the field, making in all 101,000 men.

First Telegraphic News from California.—San Francisco, [illegible]ct. 25.—The steamer Omaha sailed on the 21st, with a million of dollars in treasure and General Sumner and 440 regular troops with their officers, ten thousand stand of arms, and Senator Nesmith of Oregon. Ex-Senator Gwin is also on board of the steamer without his name being published in the list of passengers. The San Francisco market has been buoyant with improved business.

Rebel Account of the Battle of Ball's Bluff.—Official dispatches from General Jos. E. Johnston to General Cooper [illegible] Richmond, state that the rebels were op[illegible] by twelve regiments and five [illegible] batteries [illegible] troops. Further reports in the [illegible] Richm[illegible] pers allude to dispatches received by [illegible] Department of the rebel gove[illegible] effect that the loss of the U[illegible] 1,000 killed and wounded, to[illegible] prisoners and 1,200 stand of a[illegible] The rebels acknowledge a lo[illegible] and wounded.

☞ Author's Wife.—"[illegible]ght have called (in a louder key,) I have been [illegible] was one last half-hour, and dinner is[illegible] fingers—one cold." "Oh, is it? Well, yo[illegible] just killed the cr[illegible] of one—started at his voice, and stood up, gazing earnestly on him with her tearful eyes. Words of folly, and far worse than folly, were

GOD'S ANVIL.

[Tribulation means threshing, and Trench, in his excellent little treatise on the study of words, has carried out the figure, showing that it is only by threshing us that God separates the wheat from the chaff. Here is a precious morsel which somebody has clipped from an old paper and sent to us, credited "to the German of Julius Strum," and which will speak touchingly to many a heart which has been put into the furnace of affliction.—*Ref. Mag.*]

"I HOLD STILL."

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

"He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

"He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

"Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

"He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand:
So I say, praying, As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still."

CURIOSITIES OF DUELLING.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

At the Bourbon restoration scarcely a day passed without a meeting between royalists and imperialists. The insults chiefly took place beneath the wooden gallery (now the glass gallery) of the Palais Royal, where a tread on the toes or a push with the elbow sufficed. An old imperialist fire eater, a certain Col. Dufai, thus took in hand one day a youth of herculean frame, Raoul by name, who wore the uniform of the Royal Guard; but, barely eighteen years of age, he was but little practiced in the use of arms. The parties merely adjourned to a street close by, that led upon the Louvre, and the combat began, but so great was the inequality of the parties, Col. Dufai, having disarmed his antagonist several times, that, to bring an impossible combat to a conclusion, he made the extraordinary proposition that they should be tied to one another with the exception of the right hand, in which should be a dagger, and they should be thus placed in a hackney-coach with orders to drive twice round the place of the carrousel. Two of the witnesses drove the vehicle, two others got up behind. First one cry of agony was heard, then another, and all was silent.

The accomplices drove the hack-horses furiously round the square. Two turns accomplished, they rushed to the carriage doors. All was perfectly quiet within, and the two bodies lay still tied together in a pool of blood. Dufai, however, recovered. His adversary had struck him four times in the breast, and torn his face and chin with his teeth.

But such a horrible encounter did not cure him of his ruffianly propensities. His next victim was Colonel de Saint Morys, of the Gardes du Corps; and he also wounded Gen. Viscount de Montelegier greviously. At length the police got hold of him on account of a pamphlet he had published. Condemned to a month's imprisonment, he was so roughly treated that he became violent; he was then thrown down, put in a straight-jacket, and tied by the neck and feet like a madman, or a wild animal, as he was.

AN ABSURD DUEL.

M. Mary-Lafon was bathing in the Marne one day, a Mr. M. G. near him. The latter soon disappeared. M. Lafon dived after him and brought him up again. Restored to his senses, the delivered overwhelmed the deliverer with expressions of gratitude. M. Lafon, to get rid of such excessive demonstrations, proposed an adjournment to a house of refreshment. But this only made matters worse. M. G. called him his father and savior, and persisted in publicly embracing him. Lafon, annoyed beyond bearing, threw a plate of strawberries at M. G., who retorted with a decanter. A meeting was the consequence.—After a first harmless discharge of pistols, M. Lafon inquired if the [illegible] other would persist in his filial demonstrati[illegible] ences.

"*Oh, mon pere!*" wa[illegible] the only reply.

"Load the pistols, ag[illegible] ain, then," said Lafon. Another fire was exch[illegible] anged with the same happy results.

"*Oh, mon pere!*" exc[illegible] aimed the incurable M. G., as he rushed over [illegible] the interval that separated the combatants [illegible] and threw himself into the arms of M. La[illegible] on. There was no [illegible] such an energ[illegible] of gratitude. The [illegible] obliged to be [illegible] postponed *sine die.*

[illegible] ELLING.

Mr. [illegible] revolution, in those dow, [illegible] municipalities' looked [illegible] banners, and even the fore him [illegible] would fight against

At some distanc[illegible] helieu had the misunder some trees [illegible] g notes, one addresswho appeared to [illegible] Nelse, the other to lamons. [illegible] The contretemps

The young ma[illegible] ladies, and a meettoo much absorbe[illegible] gne was the result. of Mr. Salamon's [illegible]," said the Countess, was singularly delic[illegible] I shall not miss the hair which escaped from under her hat was of a pale shade of brown. A great Newfoundland dog sat close by the chair

"Anger makes the hand shake," added Madame de Polignac, with the coolness of an accomplished duellist. And taking sight in her turn, she carried off the tip of Madame de Nesle's ear. The Marchioness fell as if killed on the spot.

A FATAL PLASTER.

An officer of the French Guard having received a slap on the face, stuck an immense piece of plaster as large as the palm of his hand, on the spot, and then challenged the officer who had insulted him. A short walk of a few minutes' duration cost the officer a wound which laid him two months in bed. His antagonist took a pair of scissors from his pocket and quietly cut a circle from off the black patch.

No sooner had the wounded man regained his health than his servant announced a visitor with a black patch. He had to take another walk, and received a second wound. Another circumference was cut out of the black patch, and the proceeding was renewed till it was reduced to a mere speck.

"I have finished with my plaster," said the officer, on going out for the last time, "and now you shall be relieved from further persecution." And he killed him on the spot. The black speck was, we suppose, the concentrated point of honor.

A BAND OF DUELLISTS.

Under the Assemblee Nationale, a battalion of chasseurs took an oath to consider every attack made upon the patriotic members as a personal insult. Boyer, on his side, organized a kind of guard, who were designated as the "battalion des spadessincides." The revolution deified reason and legalized spadessincide. But it soon found other cats to whip than duellists, and combats of man to man disappeared in the melee that followed, till the empire arose, when all Frenchmen being turned into soldiers, the entr'actes of war were filled up with duels. Officers fought merely to keep their hands in, and that in face of the fact that Napoleon held duellists in the greatest contempt. He punished Gen. Destaing for having killed General Reynier in a duel.

PERILS OF EDITORS IN FRANCE.

Imagine what were the delights of editorial responsibility when such a person was so certain of receiving a challenge for every manuscript returned, that at length he had to stereotype his answer:

"Sir, I have read your manuscript with the greatest attention, and I beg to decline it. I leave the choice of arms with you."

Marshal Soult being insulted by General Hulot, who had been placed on half-pay, the former said to him:—

"General, you forget yourself. You forget also that I only fight with cannon balls."

CREAM VERSUS COD-LIVER OIL.

During a few years past "cod-liver oil" has been the great popular panacea for consumption; tens of thousands of barrels of so-called cod-liver oil have been sold at enormous prices, and consumed. We say "so-called," for it is quite certain that a very large proportion of the material sold under this name has been mainly *lard oil.* We think little harm has been done by the deception, except by the cheat involved in selling for $1 per pint bottle, an article costing less than $1 a gallon.

There is no doubt that thousands of cures have been effected by the use of both the pure cod-liver oil, and the spurious lard oil. Faith in the article (that is in the label on the bottle, and in the advertisements of the sellers) has in many cases dispelled fear and started the patient on the high road to health; while the real nourishment afforded by the oil is often just what is need by the dyspeptic patient suffering for lack of nutriment. Indeed, it is believed that to the carbonaceous elements of the oil, which are essential to good respiration, is mainly due the benefit that has been derived from the much lauded cod liver oil.

Acting upon this belief, one of our first physicians, Dr. Alonzo Clark, who is, perhaps the highest authority of our city, has proposed the use of pure, sweet cream as a substitute for the oil. Cream is essentially an oil, very similar in its composition to the cod-liver oil, lard oil, and others of like character, while it is far more palatable, and vastly cheaper. The Medical Reporter says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream with better effect than was experienced under the cod-liver oil previously tried.

Our advice is, for all who have, or think they have consumption, to adopt a cream diet. Eat the pure, sweet cream abundantly, as much of it as the stomach will digest well. Eat it alone, on bread, with baked sweet apples, and at every meal. Eat it *believing* it will cure, and we doubt not that it *will* prove quite as effective as the purest cod-liver oil that can be bought.—*Agriculturist.*

☞ A person said to a physician:—"Well, doctor, Mr. B. is dead, notwithstanding you promised to cure him." The doctor replied: "You were absent, sir; you did not follow the progress of the cure. *He died cured.*"

☞ A coiled rattlesnake must uncoil himself to strike; he must undo himself before he can undo you.

☞ When we behold a beautiful mother with lovely children around her, we are reminded of those trees which blossom in October, and whose fruit and blossoms are on the bough at once.

☞ Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

☞ An office-seeker at Auburn, N. Y., rests his hopes upon a flattering chart of his phrenological developments which, with other credentials, he has forwarded to Washington.

☞ Those are praiseworthy levellers who seize the lowest part of society to the Lislewood affor...

THE POETRY OF THE FOOT.

We do not like a foot too small for the height, any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicateth coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus—

"I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street."

No woman ever did or would have done the like, but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet.

Anthony sends her pearls, saying—

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose feet,
To mend the pretty present I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms."

No man alludes to a woman's foot in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful.

Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well-proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enacts the statue scene, we are sure she had a well-sized foot:—

"Oh! royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty!"

is the exclamation of Leontes.

A woman will never act the part of a statue, if conscious of an ill foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Stael, who, at one time, personated in this way; and Talleyrand, if we mistake not, offended her past reprieve, by saying he knew who it was by the *pied de Stael* (pedestal,) a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill-shaped.

Desdemona, Ophelia, and Cordelia, must have had long, slender feet, which agree rather with sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly-proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate, dainty Kate, the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of a tiger's. When Petruchio says—

"Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?"

it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more so when he says—

"Did ever Diana so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?"

Tennyson had a delicate eye for a foot, when he represents Ida in this wise:—

"She stood,
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one,
Of those tamed leopards. Kitten-like he rolled
And pawed about her sandal."

And again describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says—

"Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the crag."

Women with large feet never like to climb hills.

The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than in a certain lightness and elasticity. "Light as a fawn," "Fleet as a greyhound," "With a step like a stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman.

Dress has a great effect on the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity. We like to see a woman's feet

"Beneath her petticoat
Like little mice steal in and out,
As if they feared the light."

That was pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote—

"Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the water, sweet;
Fear not lizard, newt, or toad,
Will dare to come where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meagre, narrow, and bony; the Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch—"a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—that of the Irish flat and square—the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small.

A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not belong to earth, and touching it daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness—should be round and firm, and not too small.

"I have hurt the wrist of my foot," said a beautiful child, who never misplaced a phrase, because words were given him only as he stood in need of them. Now this pretty phrase, "wrist of my foot," conveys the true idea of an ankle. It should have the grace and flexibility of the wrist, to which it corresponds.—*Zacharie's Work on the Foot.*

FASCINATION OF THE SNAKE.

The following rather incredible story is authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance on a large black snake; upon which one of them, an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake, so celebrated for its powers, would charm or fascinate him. He requested his companion to take up a stick and keep a good eye on the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made a trial of its powers.

This, says Mr. Beach, the other agreed to, when the first advanced a few steps near the snake and made a stand, looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion, and the lad says at that instant there appeared something to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror, when turned in the sunshine. He said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colors appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings, circles, or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him everywhere else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over swift-running water. He then says he thought he would go from the snake; and as it was dark everywhere but in the circles, he was fearful of treading anywhere else; and as they still grew less in circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak; it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the centre.

His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approach nearer the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the nightmare, could stand it no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. He that had been charmed was much terrified, and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat; he complained much of a dizziness in the head, attended with pain, and appeared in a melancholy, stupid situation for some days.

OUR PARENTS.

Not long since, as I took my seat in the cars for a day's ride, I observed, seated opposite me, an elderly lady and middle-aged gentleman, who, I inferred from some casual remark, had been travelling a day or two. It was a very early hour in the morning, and the lady apparently was sleeping.

We rode in silence for some time, when the lady awoke, and I heard the gentleman address her as mother. His dignified, unobtrusive manner, and the tender, deferential tone of his voice, at once drew my attention to them, and having no company, my eyes and my thoughts were my own.

All the tender care which a mother could bestow on an infant child, were given by that son to his mother. The slightest movement on her part to adjust her furs, or cloak, or over-shoes, or any change of position, called forth his ready hand in assistance, and the inquiries, "Are you comfortable, mother? Do you feel tired? Lay your head on my shoulder, and rest yourself."

At noon the cars stopped for the passengers to obtain refreshments. It was snowing too fast for the mother to go out of the cars, and the son brought her a cup of coffee.

"Is it just right, mother?" he inquired as she tasted it.

"A little more cream would make it better; it is, however, very good as it is," was her reply.

"Let me get you some more."

"No, my son, it will make you too much trouble; it is very good as it is."

He went out and soon returned with the cream, and poured a little into the coffee, and then a little more, until it was "just right." He then sat down by her side, and I heard him say, in the same low tone of voice that at first attracted my attention, "I am glad, mother, that I can do anything to make you comfortable, it is such a pleasure to me."

"I thank you, my son," she replied in the same spirit and tone of voice as that of her son.

Beautiful, thought I, as I quietly watched them, and saw manifested their mutual love and confidence. My mind went back to the time when this son, now in manhood's strength, was a little helpless infant, and I pictured that mother watching over him, caring for him with a solicitude such as mothers only can feel. And through all the years of childhood and youth, up to manhood, the watchful eye was ever over him, the guiding hand ever ready to lead, and a mother's love ever ready to restrain him from doing wrong. Now it is his turn, when life's meridian with her is past, and the infirmities of age are creeping on, to repay, in some degree, for all the labor bestowed on him, and faithfully and affectionately did he seem fulfilling his duty.

How many grown up sons there are who seem to feel it beneath them to show any tenderness for their mothers. It is feminine, they say. They will perform acts of kindness, but in a business kind of a way, or because it is their duty, little dreaming that they are crushing the maternal spirit by such cold, heartless acts.

Acts of kindness, done in the spirit manifested in the incident above mentioned, have an untold influence. The pathway down to the grave would be cheered, made even joyful, and old age would be exempt from much of the gloom that is often experienced.

The reflex influence is also great. A young man who is habitually tender of his mother, and deferential to her, will make a good citizen, a true friend, and will be faithful in all the walks of life.—*The Witness.*

Burns and Moore.—The correspondence of Moore with his publisher, Mr. Power, gives occasion for contrasting the bard of Erin with the bard of Scotia. The result does not conform to traditionary views of the characters of their respective nations. "The Scottish poet writes enthusiastically to his music publisher (Thomson) about songs and music—scorning remuneration—writing for love's sake alone—and only at the last gasp of life, when a jail is before him, and he foresees a helpless widow and four children, does he ask for money, and then a trifle—a ten-pound note (in fact, only a *five*-pound note). Ten pounds! for fifty or more songs such as ring from side to side of Europe! The Irish poet also writes to his music publisher eagerly about music; his heart is in his subjects; his fingers, you would think, are eternally on the harp of Erin; and yet his hand is everlastingly in his publisher's pocket!"—*Athenæum, June 25, 1853.*

☞ Though the clouds rear their battlements in the sky, they are easily carried by storm.

THE PROPER USE OF TOOLS.

"Dear papa," said an eldest boy, "we made the rabbit hutches as you told us, and we have since then attempted to make several things with the tools you desired us to buy, but we have not succeeded quite well. Our saw sticks fast, and we blister our hands in using it, and somehow the saw won't cut the wood straight; our glue does not hold fast, but the joints come apart; the wood splits when we drive in nails, and the nails break; even the screws don't hold fast, but come out with the slightest pull; the ——"

"Hold, hold, my boy! You seem to imagine that the ordinary laws of matter are suspended for your especial annoyance and discomfiture; and that everything which should be cause and effect, in your hands become no cause and defect; but this is only the way careless and incapable people talk. The "unlucky" man is always the careless man; and the "lucky" man simply he who has taken pains to insure the conditions of success. Now, let us begin with your troubles, and try to meet them in regular order. What is your first difficulty?"

"Why, papa, I said the saw would not cut straight."

"By which you meant to say, that you did not cut straight with it, or, in other words, that you did not use it properly. Now, to begin with, whenever you are going to use the saw, first mark with a pencil, and rule the straight line, through which you wish to cut; then, when using the saw, fix your eye upon the back, and take care that you see only the back—if you see either side of the blade, it will prove that the edge is inclining a little to the side where you see the blade, and that your saw-cut is getting out of truth. A little practice and much care will enable you to overcome this. The sticking fast of the saw, to which you refer, generally arises from a slight change in the direction of the saw; but a little oil or tallow on the blade will make it work more freely, and lessen the friction even when your cut is perfectly straight. What was your next difficulty?"

"Why, papa, we could not make our glue hold the joints."

"I suppose you had, probably, both prepared and used it improperly, or, possibly you purchased bad glue. You must procure, to begin with, glue of good quality; to ascertain which, purchase it in dry weather; it should then be crisp and brittle, and tolerably light-colored and transparent. When you require it for use, break up the quantity you wish to prepare into small pieces, and, placing it in a basin, cover it with water, where it must remain for a few hours to soak, so that it may become softened into a jelly before boiling. If it be good glue, it will absorb much water and swell up considerably, but will not dissolve at all in the cold water; if, on the other hand, it dissolves considerably instead of swelling, it is probably bad. When it is thoroughly soaked, place it on the fire in the glue pot you have procured, taking care always to see that the outer vessel is filled with water, otherwise you will burn your glue and destroy it. The heat will reduce the gelatinous mass into a liquid."

"The thicker it is, and the more we use, I suppose the stronger our joint will be, papa?"

"On the contrary, my boy, the less you can use properly the better. The thickness or consistency of the glue when hot should be such, that when you lift the brush out of it, a long, tenacious stream readily runs from it in a thin filament. If it hangs in thick clods or bands from the brush, it is too thick; if it run from the brush in drops, it has too much water, and must be boiled awhile longer."

"Which is the best method of applying it, papa?"

"By means of a long hair brush. Use it as long as you can; and if the joints to which you are applying it have been made to fit well, very little glue is necessary. Rub the two glued surfaces of the wood together at first, until you begin to feel it drag tenaciously; then press the joints into their places firmly, and leave it to cool. There should be no strain at all before the glue is well set, and it is well sometimes to put a brad or two in the joint at once, to help to hold it firm; sometimes wrapping it with string until it is set is an advantage. A well-glued joint should be as strong as the wood itself."

"But, papa, we so often split the wood in putting in nails!"

"That is simply because you don't do it properly. Simple as it seems, there is a right way and a wrong way of going about it. You have got a bradawl?"

"Yes, papa, but we sometimes split the wood in piercing it with the bradawl."

"Well, now bring one of them and let me see it. Yes, it is in quite proper trim: you see it is not so sharpened as to come to a fine point, but to a sharp edge."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, that edge is intended to cut the fibre of the wood. You must, therefore, place the sharp edge so as to cross the grain of the wood, and cut it as you pierce the hole. If you insert it the other way, it only serves as a wedge to drive the fibres apart, and so split the wood. Do you understand, now, the action of the bradawl?"

"Oh, yes, papa, I see that clearly. But how does it happen that the wood does not always split then, but frequently afterwards when we are driving in the nail?"

"Because probably the wood is sufficiently elastic to allow the smooth stem of the bradawl to pass gently between its fibres, but splits when the thicker, rougher nail is driven sharply in. You will notice that brads are not quite square in the shaft, but are oblong. Take care, when placing them in the holes made by the bradawl, that the thickest dimensions do not cross the grain of the wood, but run with it, so as to cause the least separation of the fibre, and thus lessen the strain which causes splitting. Take care also always to use a bradawl which shall make holes nearly as large as the brads or other nails which have to be driven into them. Drive gently with the hammer at first; and take care that your blows fall right on the head of the nail, not on one side of it, so as to cause it to swerve, bend, and break."

"Thank you, dear papa; I hope our next work will be better done from what we have now learnt. We shall ask for more lessons soon, I hope."

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AX.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of His special care than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day, my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy ax, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the ax was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the ax. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his ax and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

AMUSING CALCULATION OF CHANCES.

It is easy to show, reader, that five hundred years ago, the chances were ten thousand to one that you and I would never exist. If we look at the chances, as exhibited in only two or three generations, we shall be astonished and horrified at seeing how narrowly we have missed having no being. For instance, my grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary army for six years, and repeatedly exposed to death. On one occasion, when his company engaged by platoons, he was the only survivor in two different attacks. Now if he had fallen in any of those attacks, he would not have married, my father would not have been born, and consequently I myself would have had no being. Again, my father paid his addresses to a certain lady, and was engaged to her. Just before the time appointed for the marriage, a misunderstanding arose between them—all ties were dismissed, and my father married another woman, the same woman who has since done me the honor of being my mother. Now, if my father had married the first mentioned lady, I never should have been born, as her children could not have possibly been my mother's children, and my mother might not have had any children at all. You see, therefore, that a mere lover's quarrel may change the whole line of a family for thousands of years. In fact, if Miss Smith is sought in marriage by both Jones and Jenkens, it is for Miss Smith to decide (as she certainly has the power of doing) whether she will be the ancestress of ten thousand Jones or ten thousand Jenkens—for on her choice depends the very existence or non-existence of these possible descendants. The whole subject is so full of fatalism that the only thing we can do, after once getting into existence, is to shout with the Arabs:—"Allah il Allah! What is to be, will be!"—*Elkson's Autobiography.*

DOMINION OF BALDHEADS.

It was not long ago that a French writer announced and proved the dominion of the "bald-headed men" in France, and showed them to be really the ruling spirit in every department of life—in politics, finance, poetry, art, science, and men in gallantry! In all these there was a bald-headed man at the "head of the heap," and the young fellows with flowing locks and "Hyperion's curls" were quite thrown in the shade by the middle-aged gentlemen whose nobs were as bare and smooth as billiard-balls. Quilp, who, by-the-bye, is getting a little bald himself, says the same thing is true in all civilized countries, whatever the fact may be among savages; and the reason lies, not certainly in the superior brevity of the bare poll—though a bald-head may still be a very handsome one—but in the fact that a man rarely comes into the perfection of his manhood before the period at which baldness ordinarily begins. Accordingly, as a general rule, the less hair the more brains—and vice-versa.—"Kit North,"—a competent judge of the case,—wrote in Blackwood, that "No strong-bodied, strong-minded, strong-hearted man reaches his true-prime until he has turned of forty; and he keeps on till he is sixty; being probably at seventy threatened with a small family by a second or third wife."

THE CONTRAST.

In a school-room, small and low,
This is the way the minutes go—
If you farther wish to know,
Call, and *facts* will plainly show;
    Eyelids drooping,
    Figures stooping;
    Classes listless,
    Scholars restless;
    Teacher weary,
    School-room dreary,
    Looking sadly,
    Lessons badly:
    Many sighing,
    Some are crying;
    Others idling,
    Sitting sideling,
    Left their seat
    To pinch or beat;
    Study loudly,
    Answer proudly;
    Circumvention
    Claims attention;
    Air is horrid,
    Faces florid;
    Learning never,
    Sickness ever,
Brooding over such a place.
  Oh, Connecticut, my State!
  Rise thee from thy downward fate,
Wipe away thy dark disgrace.

THE PICTURE REVERSED.

To a school-room large and airy,
Hastens many a little fairy;
Flowers are blooming all around,
Wide and smooth the green play-ground.
Boughs are waving in the breeze,
Birds are singing in the trees,
Sunlight streaming gayly over
Fields of weaving grain and clover;
Some are shouting, some are singing,
Till the clear-toned school-bell ringing,
Calls them from their happy play
To the labors of the day.

Sunny locks and rosy faces,
Wearing childhood's thousand graces,
Bow in solemn stillness there
While they lisp their morning prayer;
And each sparkling eye is hid
By its fringed and drooping lid.
Softly falls, with holy seeming,
Love, from realms of glory streaming,
While each spirit-eye is open
To behold some heavenly token
Of a blessing on the hours
They shall spend in learning's bowers.

Happy seems each little creature,
Happy, too, their smiling teacher,
While, 'mid truth, and bloom, and song,
Glide the rapid hours along.
Those young hearts are learning well
Virtues most enchanting spell;
Souls to holier life are bounding
By the influences surrounding,
Spirits plume their new-fledged pinions
For a holier home's dominions,
And in Wisdom's *pleasant* ways,
Fleets the morning of their days.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER III.

THE IDOL TOPPLES.

Rumbling alone in the *rotonde*, the landscape hidden in a white fog of dust, there was no occupation for Charles Westby but thought. And at the outset it was satisfactory enough for him to think, because conscience told him he had acted well. In a moment of peril an avowal of love had escaped from the young girl's lips. It had caused great embarrassment to him,—love and marriage were so wholly out of his province that he had never once so much as thought of love in his intercourse with Lilian. There ought to be no equivocation in the matter; it was right she should know at once, and clearly, the state of his feelings and position. Nothing could be more annoying than that she should continue to cherish any absurd ideas. As soon as possible, though with a trepidation he could scarcely conceal, he had resolutely addressed her on the subject. The result had proved the wisdom of his course,—it had appeared from her own confession that she must have talked quite unconsciously on the mountain, and she had, moreover, positively appealed to him not to hold her to her random words; and so there was a good ending to a ridiculous affair.

Not a bit of it! The legal mind then came into action, and he must needs doubt and question which of Lilian's two contradictory declarations was the right one. The more he sifted the matter the more his opinion turned to a belief that words uttered at a period of danger were more likely to be true than words which maidenly modesty would speak in a quiet interview,—cold words, which his own manner might have evoked. Ay, even the slightest evidence must be brought to bear on this important question. Had not Fred Temple told him that Lilian, starting in her fitful sleep after the accident, had constantly called to Karlo Magno to save her? Surely this went to prove a strong animus in the affair. Thus, after duly weighing the whole matter, Charles Westby came to the conclusion that Lilian Temple had really loved him. And then it came to pass that pride grew mightily flattered with the idea, and toyed with it all the way till the diligence stopped at Berne.

A grand sunset ended the day. Ah, me! many were the diners at the Faucon, and they hurried up from the scarcely finished table d'hote—stout diners and all—martyrs to the picturesque, scorners of indigestion, and so out on the church terrace, to see the mantle wrought in a glorious hue, which the departing sun had cast upon the mountain-tops. But Charles Westby only cared to seek out the rosy Jungfrau, and use it as a landmark to Interlachen and the human interest that it held.

Charles Westby was getting stupid!

Stars burnt with double fire, over the *banquette*, that night long in the ride to Basle; and the sun, beginning to stir beneath the horizon, felt its way with long pink rays thrust upwards into the darkness, and then slowly climbed the heavens on glowing red cloud-steps. It was neither Law nor Equity which closed these sights from Charles Westby's eyes.

"*Est-il possible?*" he exclaimed, thrusting his face into the little glass of a little room in the great hotel at Basle. Dust of a day and night journey was on his face, he was absurdly like a miller. Then head and face were plunged into the little basin, the little towel was half rubbed away with energy, and he brushed his hair double-handed till his strong arms began to glow.

"*Est-il possible?*" and the looking-glass showed dashes of grey among the dark hair, and his face, homely English at best, was hacked about with work and thought, and parchment-colored, notwithstanding all the clear Swiss air.

"*Est-il possible?*" this outward man against the best men she has seen in London!

Then duty began to look mean in contrast with blue eyes and golden hair. Alas! for the foolish pass to which wise and solid men are brought. Old ambition grew pale before this new fascination. Why not space and time for enjoyment of the heart? Why constant labor with the chance of scanty laurels for thin grey hair? *Cui bono*, these after riches? Can we play Romeo with crowsfeet, and wrinkles, and a wig? So in that upper chamber Charles Westby ground his teeth at destiny, and, gazing fixedly on the swift green Rhine below, fell into strange new musings touching the affairs of life.

Fiddlesticks! destiny puts us into the groove, and for all our bluster we must stick there. Habit and association soon brought back Charles Westby's alacrity for his accustomed work, and Lilian's image was blurred by professional thoughts that held his mind; besides, he was of the energetic order, looking forward not back, and thus he came to a sort of grim settlement of the matter. Long before he would be rich enough to marry, Lilian Temple would have married, and had a family grown up perhaps; he might never chance to meet her again, but that little Swiss tour would remain the romantic idea of his life. All men, densely practical men even, who in the end marry their cooks, have had some sort of romance in the course of their lives of which the world never dreams, and oftentimes have held some token of the fact to their dying day. Well, back in London, Charles Westby, in process of disgorging his travelling coat pocket, found the handkerchief Lilian had dropped during the accident. It was torn, and parts lost, but the initials L. T. was preserved. He carefully folded it up in a piece of brief paper, endorsed with the year and date of the event, and tying the packet with red tape, placed it in his desk, beneath a mass of law papers.

* * * * *

"Well, Newton, and what are you to get for your money?" inquired Charles Westby.

"Ten per cent!"

"Too much! you'll get nothing."

Newton (George Newton, Esquire, of Burford House) was an old friend of Westby, and the young squire of his late father's parish. Their friendship dated from Westby's bird's-nesting period, and it had held on, notwithstanding the divergence in their modes of life, and notwithstanding the soft bits of Newton's character, which regularly provoked Westby's chaff. Newton always made a point of seeking out Westby in his occasional visits to London, and of being attentive in game presents and the like to Westby's mother in the country.

"You are always against anything but three per cents, Westby."

"I tell you what, Newton. Nature gifted you with all the organs necessary to a country gentleman, but she never intended you to dabble in joint-stock bank shares."

"Bosh!"

"We can't be good at everything. Be content with what Nature's done; she's made you a good rider across country, a decent shot, a sufficient lawyer to convict a poacher; by the bye, were you lucky with the pheasants this season?"

"First rate! Come and have a touch at them."

"I only wish I could, old fellow."

"But I say, Westby, it's as safe as the bank, that ten per cent."

"If that's your fixed opinion, Mr. George Newton, permit me to remark that I am happily too busy for fruitless conversation—"

"I'm off then! Mind you, seven for dinner at the club."

"Say half-past; they are bothering me so to get this business finished. Good-bye!" And Westby doubled himself to his work again.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Newton, lingering in the room. "Where did you get that engraving from?"

"What engraving?" replied Westby, greatly, bored. "I thought you'd gone!"

"This engraving of a girl—the Honorable Mary Blackburn."

"Wretched man! to bother me about stupid prints. I bought a lot of them cheap years ago."

"I wonder if I can get one in the Burlington Arcade?"

"George Newton, if you stop another moment in this room, I'll postpone the dinner to nine o'clock!"

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Punctually at half-past seven, Westby rendered himself at the club, but it was past eight before Newton made his appearance.

"Pitch into me well for keeping you waiting, Charles."

"I'll do that to the dinner!" grumbled Westby. "But how on earth is it you lazy men are never exact?"

"Lazy, indeed! I've been half over London since I saw you."

"What for?"

"To get a copy of that engraving."

"Bless my soul! I wish I'd given you mine, I should have gained half an hour by the gift."

"They were all sold out——"

"George Newton, take notice I've had no luncheon, and help the soup."

"I saw a girl the very image of that engraving yesterday."

"Did you? Impulsive youth! How good this sherry is!"

"Somehow I can't get that face out of my head, Westby."

"The subject is beginning to be a bore, George. Their *tartare* sauce is always capital here."

"You'll promise to give me that engraving, old boy?"

"Bless the man! I thought I'd promised it five minutes ago—what's her name?"

"I could not find out, but I know something of the people she was with."

"After all, what's in a name? Here, I'll devote a bumper of this pleasant Moselle to the happiness of George Newton and the fair unknown!"

* * * * *

"What shall we do, Westby? It's too late for 'half-price!' Will you have a quiet cigar in the smoking-room? I know you have given up billiards."

"Let's drift down the Strand to my chambers, and have a rude pipe and some self-made coffee."

* * * * *

Westby lighted his lamp, and addressed himself to the coffee-pot. Newton eagerly took down the engraving from the dark corner of the room in which it had hung, and cleaned the glass with some blotting-paper.

"Tell us what she's like," said Westby, very busy at reviving the fire. "Large dark eyes, and chestnut hair, and that sort of thing?"

"Just the contrary, light hair and complexion, blue eyes."

"And the features?"

"Hang it! I am so bad at description—I should call it one of your tantalizing faces."

Westby started up, and gazed earnestly on the engraving, holding it to the full light of the lamp.

"What's her name?"

"I told you I could not find out."

"Not, not——?" muttered Westby, and he suddenly held his voice.

"Who were you going to say?"

"You can't have that engraving, Newton; I did not recollect at the time which you had asked for."

"Why, I should prize it so much; I'll give you any large engraving you would like to have."

"I don't want engravings!"

"But, I say, old fellow, you did promise it me."

"There, then, take it! take it!" replied Westby, ramming a great wedge of tobacco into his pipe.

George Newton was very fluent—he was always very fluent after goodly "'34"—nor did he speak as he was wont of horses and dogs, but with great confidence of his plans of life; in fact, he did all the talking, while Westby hid his face in great clouds of smoke.

"By Jove, Westby! I'm sick of this bachelor-sort of life; and, by Jove! I've been wanting a nice girl to look after that big house of mine—I get done right and left. I fancy I could make a woman comfortable. I should not mind a couple of months or so of London during the season. Confound it! my tin is worth any woman's while."

And, ringing changes on these ideas, Newton rattled away, till he ended the chime by inquiring,—

"Why, on earth, Westby had not married all this time?"

"Because I can't!" growled Westby, behind his cloud. "It's past two, Newton, and I must turn you out."

Newton carefully placed the portrait under his great-coat.

"Thank you again, old boy!"

But Westby made no reply beyond a grasp of the hand; and standing on the landing he lighted Newton to the door. Bang went the door, and Westby returned to his room with a shiver that caused him to stir the fire violently.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered, "that engraving is the very image of Lilian. Fool and ass! it's been hanging here all this time, and I never chanced to look at it! Ten to one, but Lilian is the girl he has been struck with; blockhead as he is, with his money he's like enough to marry her."

And Westby filled his pipe again, and puffed more smoke clouds, and the romantic idea surged up from the depths of his heart, and moved to and fro with old teeth-grinding at destiny. Nevertheless, next morning by eight o'clock, Westby was hard and fast, with undivided mind, on that knotty conveyancing matter which strewed his table with dusty parchments.

CHAPTER IV.

"AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

"One second-class ticket, for Salisbury!" said Charles Westby, in his proper turn at the pigeon-hole, Waterloo station.

It was a quarter to eight on a dismally cold, damp, foggy, early March morning.

The passengers in Westby's carriage consisted of a good natured burly person of the agricultural cattle-dealing type, armed against the raw morning with a "pocket-pistol," a surly person of the type aforesaid, a woman with a parti-colored face, the result of cold and sorrow, and a lean, hungry man with long, pale face, restive eyes, and a nose acutely accented with cold.

Whistle! puff! puff! The fog was transparent to the distance of about fifty yards either side of the windows, discovering a limited roof-view of Lambeth, damp through to the rafters. But, clear of London, the fog changed to cold, white mist, which the sun gradually broke into masses of pearl light, and the east wind blew away in wreaths that caught awhile in hedgerows and low woodlands, till at last sun and east wind together made the whole landscape clear and bright to the horizon.

During the latter part of February one topic had warmed London through and through—the smash of the Anglian Bank. Such mercantile depravity! Why, the very thought of it circulated the blood to the tips of your fingers; consequently, no matter afforded conversation more comfortable for a cold morning.

"I'd have them all punished, I would, directors and shareholders and all!" thundered the lean man, after taking the "pistol" from his wife, and indulging in a long sip.

* * * * *

"Any luggage?" inquired the porter of the surly man at the Salisbury station.

"No!"

Then why did the surly man hang about so while Westby was engaging his fly?

"Whose 'ouse at Wish ord?" inquired the flyman, turning round on his box. "I'ze zard a' yearing."

"Mrs. Wilson's."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up the surly man's face.

"Confound that fellow!" muttered Westby.

Westby arrived at his destination.

"No, Mrs. Wilson was not at home."

"And Mr. Newton?"

"Out with the harriers," replied the man, to Westby's anxious inquiry.

"Where did they meet?"

"Druid's Head, sir."

"Is there anything at home that I can ride?"

"Only old Ironsides, sir; but Mr. Newton says he wouldn't ride him for a hundred pounds."

"Hum," muttered Westby, "my ride's worth more than that. Tell the groom to clap on the saddle. I know the old horse has got some stuff in him yet. By-the-by, I expect somebody will be calling presently to see Mr. Newton on particular business; you will say that Mr. Newton is certain to return here directly after the hunting is over. I shall save time if I go round to the stables and get on the downs by the back way. Send me out a mouthful of bread and cheese."

* * * * *

Up a steep chalk cut from the valley, on to the high ground—it made the old horse blow again! and then a vast surface spreading out for miles in the bright sunshine, a perfectly open country without hedge or ditch, undulated by the deluge waters of pre-Adamite time, covered with turf, and here and there ploughed land, and young corn-crops of emerald green, and dull green patches of swedes, and thinly scattered plantations of dark fir. But overhead! the crowning glory of the land—a grand hemisphere of sky closing to a low horizon marked by down lines of exquisite curve, or darkly fringed by far distant trees—masses of dazzling white cloud grandly marching across the bright ether—those cumuli which walk upon the wings of the wind.

I do not say that it is a land for poets to sing, but it is a clean, wholesome land, delicious to London eyes—a land for drawing a long breath deep down into the lungs—a glorious draught free from carbon sediment, opening the senses to that feeling of abundant health which pervades every object far and near.

But I cry a truce to all elaborate descriptions of this scene. Your horse begins to feel the fascinating turf, the curb tightens insensibly in the hand, and you are off into a glorious canter long before you have had time for a minute view.

Nevertheless Westby had to pursue a very conservative policy with regard to the old horse.

"Stand still, old gentleman, can't you?—Allow me to look for the hounds." Westby's eyes sweep over the country. "There they are!—they're 'drawing' those swedes by the Druid's Head." The huntsman's horse is knee-deep in the green sea which swallows up the hounds. Straining your eyes hard, you can just perceive glancing tips of white which hurry to and fro. Ah! there's that furthest man waving his cap, the huntsman gallops up, the white tips suddenly converge, and dash on to the turf in an indefinite white mass. It's too far to hear couplet and chorus. "Steady, old man, steady!" The keen east wind is pouring new life into the old horse. "They're coming right to us!" What a pretty sight! hounds and horsemen growing nearer life-size every moment, speckling the turf dips with excitement. "Whoa, boy, whoa!" The old horse frets against the curb. "Ah! they've lost *her* in that furze!" Westby will be up with them in a minute or two. It's too far to distinguish faces, but that's George Newton, by his big black horse. Strange he should be so far in the rear!

"Hold hard, sir, pray?" shouts the huntsman to Westby, who was making straight for his friend.

Westby, in his eagerness to reach Newton, did not perceive that he had almost ridden over the hunted hare.

Whir! whir! whir! go a large covey from the furze.

By Jove! that lady's horse, the chestnut, has bolted. No! how well she rides!

Hark! the hounds are singing to their work again.

"I'll take the fidgets out of you!" cries Westby, giving the old horse his head.

Away they go! down the turf, slope, across the Devizes road, up the turf on the other side, right ahead. Newton well up this time—Westby pushing along the old horse at his best speed, in hopes of overtaking his friend.

The east wind rattles against the face, and whips up a tremendous glow, and cuts tears out of the eyes.

"Very pretty!" exclaims Westby, as the lady with the spirited chestnut skims a line of hurdles. "At it, old man!" and he rams his heels, for lack of spurs, into the old horse. "Over! All right!" The old horse recollects his work. But, alas! it won't do—a deal of fuss and pulling for the first three minutes, and then the old horse begins to sing a hollow tune.

"It's no use my scampering on at this rate," thinks Westby, "I shall knock all the wind out of the old fellow;" so he pulls up the old horse into a walk, and watches with disgust the whole "field" sweep away.

By dint of some clever short cuts, and thanks to divers checks and doublings, Westby managed to keep pretty well in sight, but "puss" did not cry "enough" till she had got, with many a twist and turn, to Stonehenge.

In among the old gray stones, as Westby trots up, were steaming horses, and men with hot, contented faces, and eager panting hounds, clustered round the master, who held gallant "puss," worthy of her fate, in "his red right hand."

"Here, Gaylass! Gaylass! Beauty!"

"There's George Newton!" through the interval in the stones, on the other side of the circle. Westby urges forward his horse—he curbs him in the next moment—there's a lady at Newton's side. One glance, as she half turns her face—Lilian Temple!

But the old horse was minded to push on, and the reins had fallen loose in Westby's hands.

"Who'd have thought of seeing you?" exclaimed Newton.

"Karlo Magno!" broke involuntarily from Lilian's lips.

Ah! the east wind and long gallop had steeped her fair face in rosy tints, and ruffled her golden hair beneath the shadow of the dark felt hat. The reins hung loose in her small gauntlet wax gloved hands. The chestnut did not want the curb.

"Lilian! an old friend of mine, Mr. Westby," exclaimed Newton.

"An old friend of mine, too, George."

How that word "George" stung Westby.

"He's known me ever since I was a bit of a child," continued Lilian.

"That's strange enough!" and a slight shadow passed over Newton's glowing face.

"I want a word with you, Newton; Miss Temple will excuse us for a minute." Westby turned his horse aside, and Newton followed him.

"I'm engaged to her, Westby—"

"I congratulate you;" but the words grated in Westby's throat.

"I'm very sorry at such a time to break upon you with bad news. Why on earth haven't you answered our letters?"

"That cursed bank, hey?"

"I never found out where you were till last night. We've written continually to your house."

"I've been staying at Mrs. Wilson's for the last few days," replied Newton.

"Secker could not come himself but he begged me to come, as an old friend;—the truth is, you must leave the country immediately."

Newton's hot face grew very pale.

"They'll be down upon you for every penny you possess—you are known to be one of the richest shareholders on the list.

"I can't go now, Charles."

"You must either go or be ruined! Why, I'm all but certain there's a fellow on your track now; below in the valley there—"

"But that girl! that girl!" murmured Newton, looking back on Lilian. "Did you see how she rides, Westby? Such a light hand. By Jove, my man can hardly handle the chestnut. I'll risk it!"

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed Westby, losing patience.

"Curse that infernal scoundrel, with his ten per cent."

We haven't time for regrets now, George."

Newton reflected for a moment.

"Westby, we'll go straight to Brighton, to her father's, be married there, and then go to the continent. What do you think?"

"It is for you to think," replied Westby, gravely.

"I know she'd do it. No, no! I could not in honor marry a girl with my affairs in such a state. There, I'll take her back to Mrs. Wilson's and be off."

"It is not safe for you to return to Mrs. Wilson's."

"But, Westby, I can't say good-bye to her here," replied Newton, piteously; "do help me, for heaven's sake."

Westby considered what could be done for the best.

"You know my mother's cottage at Shrewton; go straight there, it will throw them off your scent. I'm sure Mrs. Wilson will manage to take Miss Temple over this evening to see you; you can then make your way to Devizes and get the railway."

"Thank you, old boy."

Newton rode up to Lilian—they turned their horses towards the "Druid's Head."

Westby, as he followed, kept muttering Newton's words—"He can't marry with his affairs in such a state." There was a strange conflict at work in his heart.

Near the "Druid's Head" the lovers waited for Westby to come up.

"I leave this lady in your charge, Westby," said Newton, in a broken voice, and after pressing Lilian's hand to his lips, he put his horse into a canter. The chestnut would have followed, but Lilian reined him in with some difficulty, and then, shading her eyes against the golden distance, she watched her lover's dark receding figure.

"Which is our way?"

"Right for that 'folly' yonder."

They rode along the ups and downs of the turf in silence. A solitary horseman came up with them; it was the surly agriculturist of the morning mounted on the strangest of old screws. He glared curiously at Westby.

"Seen the 'ounds?"

"No more hunting to-day; there's no scent," replied Westby, with emphasis.

"Oh, *haint* there!" replied the man, grinning as he rode on.

Down the chalk cut again into the valley, which was filled with warm light and lengthened shadows. The water meadows, green enamel in the afternoon sun, inlaid with glittering bars of gold—and so on to Mrs. Wilson's house.

* * * * *

"George Newton ruined!"—and Lilian locked the door of her room, and was alone. Then for the first time she beheld in clearest definition her real motives for accepting George Newton. Love, alas! in the slenderest proportion—pique at Westby's low estimation of her character and rejection of her love—that one thought tinctured all her conduct, rendering her utterly careless as to whom she married, provided the wooer possessed the disposition and means which might ensure a pleasant worldly existence. Had she not learnt from Westby's words that she was unfit for any condition higher than that? So she had allowed George Newton to love her, which was all he asked—perhaps she had even preferred him to most men she had met—and she was to have the use and enjoyment of his wealth in return.

I repeat, she beheld all this now for the first time; her actions had been spontaneous and the motives indefinite: it was only the thought of poverty which forced her to make an exact estimate of her love for George Newton.

So Lilian had her punishment for giving her hand without her heart. A feeling of pique to rest upon in a life of straitened means and struggle! Riches and poverty, it was a strange contrast. Many a time in those Swiss excursions she had walked silently at Westby's side, picturing in her foolish mind the idea of poverty as his wife; she had striven to realize all the hardships that need be endured, and her affections had always deepened towards him with these thoughts. But George Newton poor, it was a desperate struggle with duty, and tears, and remorse.

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"I have left her in her room, poor girl," said Mrs. Wilson to Westby, as she entered the library. "I can afford her no comfort."

"She does love him, then," muttered Westby to himself.

"Lilian has told me about the arrangement for seeing George. Now, only to think he should have been so foolish as to meddle with that wretched bank."

"Foolish fellow! there was no stopping him;—but tell me about this love affair of his, I met the Temples in Switzerland last autumn."

"Well, I happened to fall in with them at Paris: we were staying at the same hotel, and I became very intimate; they made me remain at their house in London for a few days on our return from the continent. George Newton saw Lilian at the theatre, and was immensely struck with her; he found that I was staying with the family, and he made me introduce him—in the shortest possible time he made her an offer, and was accepted. Before this occurred Lilian had promised to stay a short time with me while my son was away; I would not forego the promise—the result is that George Newton has insisted upon taking up his abode here, he says it's such a bore to get across the hill at night. I find you're an old friend of the Temples."

"I used to be very intimate with Frederick Temple; I suppose he's in India by this time; he was intending to get down to Marseilles soon after I left Interlachen."

"Poor George! it will be a sad blow to him to leave the country—I never saw a man more deeply in love."

"But he'll have to go for all that," replied Westby.

* * * * *

Westby and Lilian did not meet till it was nearly time to start for the night ride to bid adieu to her lover. She entered the room veiled for warmth against the night air. Mrs. Wilson who had been conversing with Westby, arose to prepare herself for the journey. Lilian would evidently have accompanied Mrs. Wilson out of the room, had that lady not begged her to stay in order that Mr. Westby might explain some particulars about Newton's affairs.

"I suppose we must try to get to the down road," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It would be less risk for Newton," replied Westby; "I have been talking to the coachman, he thinks he can manage it."

There was a dead silence when Mrs. Wilson had left the room. Lilian drew back her veil, her face was very pale and her eyes red with crying.

"Have you heard from your brother lately?"

"Yes, he's quite well, he had joined his regiment at Meerut—Dear Fred, I wish he were here now," and Lilian broke into tears. "I've no one to speak to, to advise me—"

"Mrs. Wilson?"

"She's Mr. Newton's friend?"

"Well then—"

"This interview, this interview, it's terrible."

"This bank affair is indeed a sad misfortune."

"I can't go—dare not go," she covered her face with her hands.

"But you promised—"

"Oh, Karlo Magno, despise me, tell me I'm heartless—wicked—I never ought to have accepted George Newton—I've learnt that now—but things were so different when he made me an offer."

Westby trembled with strange sensation at her words.

There was a terrible pause.

Oh, what power was in Westby's hands! what temptation in his burning heart!—he felt he held Newton's fate—but the man was his friend, had fairly wooed and won the girl, in the hour of misfortune had left her in his charge; nevertheless he recollected that day at Interlachen, when he might have called Lilian his own, and now there was one last opportunity thrust in his very fingers—one firm grasp.

"Ah, Lilian!—"

She started at his voice, and stood up, gazing earnestly on him with her tearful eyes. Words of folly, and far worse than folly, were on his lips, but this movement of hers arrested their utterance.

"Karlo Magno! listen to me," she spoke in a low firm voice. "You are Fred's oldest friend. Chance, I know not, it may be God's ordering, has placed you near me now. You know my brother well, you *do* know him because your nature is true and good as his." Westby shuddered, and instinctively shrank back. "I want to speak to you as I should have spoken to him, it would strengthen and comfort me to hear your answer, knowing that that answer would be his. George Newton was introduced to us by Mrs. Wilson; he sought the introduction, he was greatly struck with me, she said. Well, in a short time he made me an offer. I was urged by my father and mother, by all, to accept him; his wealth and position, good nature, good heart, were strongly insisted on—I did accept him! Mind, I take the full burden of that act on myself. I loved him, as hundreds love, who marry in a good position. I do honestly believe as a rich man I could have made him a good wife—but ruined! there are all sorts of hardships, need of deepest love to endure them, and this, alas!—folly! I feel all this is idle talk; while I speak, I know Fred's answer, yet I should like to hear some one pronounce the words. Am I still bound to George Newton?"

Called upon to be a counsellor, confided in as a father confessor, stung to the quick by a sense of his utter unworthiness for such a position, shamed at his own base weakness—yes, and the very words which he ought to speak placed in his mouth by the strength of her who was asking support of him—worst of all, to have to play the impostor, assuming a moral authority to which he had forfeited all claim—

"Am I bound, Karlo Magno?" she thought in his silence he was wisely pondering her words.

"You are bound, Lilian," he replied, affecting as much decision as lay in his power.

"Enough," she replied with great earnestness. "I can go and see him now. Karlo Magno! you have helped me to do what is right—I must have failed but for you."

Ah! the bitter mockery of her words, to wear the star of honor on a heart conscious of shame.

Westby sought to change the current of the conversation.

"You talk about being ruined," said he.—"I hope things are not as bad as that!"

"Mr. Newton told me so!"

"Well, I've every hope when Newton gets away that we shall be able to make some compromise, so that after all his loss may not be very serious."

"Why did he try me in that manner?" exclaimed Lilian, vehemently; "it was cruel, very cruel."

"Pardon me, it was only honorable to state the worst."

"Well, well, he might have had my answer at once, this afternoon as we rode along—the words of assurance were on my lips, but he stopped me, he would hear nothing till I had thought the matter over—he left me, and then came thought and horrid doubt."

"Lilian, he acted well!"

"Not ruined! Oh, thank God for that! Why, then, this is but a temporary affair, he may come back shortly."

"He may! Nay, Lilian, I promise that he shall," exclaimed Westby, earnestly. "I assure you, on my honor, that I will work for him in this business, as I would work for a brother, to set him right."

Work was Westby's ointment for remorse.

"Karlo Magno, you are my good genius—you always appear at the right moment."

"Nonsense, Lilian."

But she would clasp his hand, and her face bore the same expression he remembered so well that evening at Brienz. He had not begun to love then, and he had *ceased* to love now—his foolish, morbid love was utterly quenched in a deep sense of shame. She was no other to him now than Fred Temple's sister, engaged to his oldest friend—fairy Lilian, if you will, the playmate of early years.

And he in her eyes still bore that same greatness which had fascinated her heart in Switzerland—a being too great and grand for her poor trivial nature—an idol to be admired, or rather worshipped at the heart's shrine. Ah, Lilian, Lilian, our finest idols are only made of clay!

"Not ruined!" exclaimed Lilian, to Mrs. Wilson, as that lady entered the room. "Not ruined! Mr. Westby tells me so. Mr. Newton will doubtless get over this misfortune without great loss."

* * * * * * * * *

"If you please, ma'am," said the butler, entering the room, "there's a man at the door inquiring for Mr. Newton. He wants to see him on particular business."

"Detain him in conversation as long as you can," replied Mrs. Wilson. "I know I can trust to your discretion, Simmons: mind, not a word in the house that we are gone.—We will go through the French window in the library, instead of going out at the hall, and then by the garden to the stable yard."

Mrs. Wilson's brougham was ready at the stable-door—the man was at the horse's head.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man to Westby, "you'll want a thick coat on the downs."

"All right; jump up!" cried Westby, catching off the horsecloth, and throwing it over his shoulders.

The horse felt the cold wind, plunged, kicked, and then went ahead.

"Frost, sir?" said the man.

"Is it?" rejoined Westby. He felt burning hot.

The wide sky was thick with stars at their brightest in the frosty air; the clear open plain was filled with a low undertone of light.

Pretty work for the "whip"—two wheels in a cart-rut all the way up hill, and the other two wheels wherever they could manage to pitch, the horse remarkably fresh.

* * * * * * *

"Any breath left, ladies?" said Westby, as he opened the door.

"Let me hope the best for the springs," replied Mrs. Wilson, goodhumoredly. "I trust we shall be allowed to go home in peace by the road."

"Lilian," said a voice behind. It was George Newton; he led her into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT WE DEMAND.

The criticism of civilians upon military operations at a distance, amounts to very little. But the temptation to criticise is irresistible. We cannot take fully into consideration the advantages or disadvantages of position, of accident, of unavoidable delays, of the inefficiency of subordinates, upon whose action the action of our Generals depends; or the mountainous difficulties attending the organization and movement of immense bodies of men. We cannot appreciate all this, and frankly own that we cannot. But "there is one good thing, *success*," as Emerson says. This is a great man's crown of greatness. This it is his business to achieve, in the face of all obstacles. And this, right or wrong, we demand of him.

What is a leader for? He is to see and accomplish what the rest of us might not see, and could not be able to accomplish.—These seemingly insuperable impediments it is his duty to grapple with and surmount.—Those decisive moments which we do not perceive to have arrived till they have passed, he is there to foresee, and to take advantage of when they come. He must be at once prudent and audacious; and he must have a power of will to accomplish almost the impossible. He must not wait too much for others, but he must move decisively, and compel others to move with him. "If he allows himself to be governed by his commissaries," said Napoleon, "he will never stir, and all his expeditions will fail."

What Napoleon says of the critical moment of a battle, also bears strongly upon this point. "In all battles, a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run."—(Precisely as our army did at Bull Run.) "That terror proceeds from want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence to restore confidence to them. The art is to give use to the opportunity, and to invent the pretence. At Arcola," he goes on, "I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized the moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. Two armies are two bodies which meet, and endeavor to frighten each other; a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage."

In which few words are summed up the prime qualities of a great General; what we have a right to expect of him: the ability to seize decisive moments, and to inspire confidence.

THANKSGIVING.

The following Proclamation, recently issued by Gov. Curtin, is the best paper of the kind we ever read:—

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, Every good gift is from above, and comes down to us from the Almighty, to whom it is meet, right and the bounden duty of every people to render thanks for His mercies; Therefore I, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the Commonweath of Pennsylvania, do recommend to the people of this Commonwealth that they set apart Thursday, the 28th of November next, as a day of solemn Thanksgiving to God, for having prepared our corn and watered our furrows, and blessed the labor of the husbandman, and crowned the year with His goodness, in the increase of the ground, and the gathering in of the fruits thereof, so that our barns are filled with plenty; and for having looked favorably on this Commonwealth, and strengthened the bars of her gates and blessed the children within her, and made men to be of one mind, and preserved peace in her borders; beseeching Him also on behalf of these United States, that our beloved country may have deliverance from those great and apparent dangers wherewith she is compassed, and that the brave and loyal men now battling in the field for her life may have their arms made strong and their blows heavy, and may be shielded by His Divine power, and that He will mercifully still the outrages of perverse, violent, unruly, and rebellious people, and make them clean hearts and renew a right spirit within them, and give them grace that they may see the error of their ways, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and hereafter, in all godliness and honesty, obediently walk in His holy commandments, and in submission to the just and manifest authority of the Republic, so that we, leading a quiet and peaceful life, may continually offer unto Him our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

[L. S.] Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-sixth.

By the Governor: A. G. CURTIN.
ELI SLIFER, Sec'y of Commonwealth.

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—A letter from Venice says that a professional musician of that place has discovered a prodigy for which there is probably no precedent—a singer, that is to say, who is at once a bass, a baritone, and a tenor. The professor was on his way to Rovigo, when he paused to rest in a country inn. Suddenly in an adjacent room, he heard a splendid bass voice sing Silva's *aria* out of *Ernani*. That at an end, a sonorous baritone struck up the well-known "*Lo vedrem o veglio audace*." The listener was still lost in admiration of the beauty of these two voices, when a high ringing tenor made itself heard, and sang, with great range of voice, Edgar's closing air in *Lucia*. The delighted professor could not restrain his enthusiasm, and hurried into the adjoining room to thank the gifted trio, when, to his astonishment, he found the room occupied only by one young man, who declared that himself had sung all three airs. Put to the test, it proved that he spoke the truth, and that the singer possessed the extraordinary range from the low D to the high C, all full and beautiful chest notes. It is thought possible that the professor may persuade this Crœsus of voices, who is the son of a well-to-do burgess, to devote himself to the stage.—*Trieste Journal.*

WEST POINT GRADUATES.—The whole number of West Point graduates from 1802 to 1860 was less than two thousand.

BEHIND THE SCENES
AT THE THEATRE.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Let us step into the "property room." This is under the charge of an individual known as the "property man" of the theatre, and "theatrical properties" are the various articles other than dresses used in the representation of plays; consequently the property room of a large theatre is quite a museum, and really a very curious sight to one who visits it for the first time.

Here are embroidered purses of gold (filled with broken china and tin), fat pocket books of (newspapers) bank notes by rich old uncles in farces, kings' golden sceptres, fairies' tinselled wands, goblets of gold, flagons of silver, tin cups for peasants' revels, and papier mache chickens and roast beef for dinner scenes, caskets of jewels, gorgeous Dutch metal candelabras, signet rings for monarchs, and staffs for beggars and witches, Othello's handkerchief, the witches' cauldron, Romeo's vial of poison, Shylock's scales and knife, Falstaff's jug of sack, Friar Laurence's rosary, Prospero's wands, clubs for mobs, shilalahs for Irishmen, writing apparatus for lovers to write hurried letters, kings to sign death warrants, and spendthrift heirs to draw bills, the "letters" used in different standard plays, all alphabetically arranged and properly superscribed ready for use, so that they serve whenever the play is performed, wills and deeds with broad seals and blacks marks made to look well "from the front," crown jewels, jugs of ale *without the ale*, and a thousand other things used in mimicking life and representing romance.

We must not, however, forget the armory part of the property man's charge, not the least curious part of his collection. Here the visitor finds stands of muskets enough for a company, glittering spears for a Roman legion, gleaming battle axes for barbarians, curved scimeters for Moslems, and straight blades for true cavaliers, Spanish rapiers, Highland Claymores, Toledo blades, and English broadswords. The *fasces* of the Roman lictors and pole-axes of the Queen's guard stand side by side, the executioner's big axe and block repose grimly in a corner, while on the walls are daggers of all sorts and sizes, from the delicate one which the maiden draws as a protection against dishonor, to the broad blade bared by the murderer or "front wood robber," who steps softly over the stage when the lights are turned down, to the thuds of the big fiddle; pistols, tomahawks, and other murderous implements in glittering profusion.

Whenever it happens that any of these properties are needed, the prompter makes a requisition on the "property man" the morning before the play in which they are used is performed, and the latter sees that they are ready in the evening, either in the dressing-room of the actor, if they are to be carried upon the stage, or upon the stage in their proper scene and position. The property man is generally an expert in imitating real articles with papier mache, paint, gold leaf, tinsel, and Dutch metal; he manufactures the dragons, demons' heads, and furnishes the blood, thunder, and lightning, stormy waves, and sun and moon for the establishment.

The wardrobe room is scarcely a less curious collection than the property room, although it is not so readily examined, as the most valuable dresses, and those not in immediate use, are packed in trunks or closets.—Every actor possesses a wardrobe more or less extensive, of his own, as it is the aim of all of any note at all to possess a good one, as a valuable adjunct of success in the representation of character; still there is always a wardrobe attached to the theatre, more or less extensive according to its means; some very valuable, and can "dress" almost any piece splendidly. The wardrobe keeper is generallly an expert at theatrical tailoring, and a good costumer, and has two or three woman assistants who are kept at work upon the sewing and making, or altering and repairing, that is constantly required.

The glittering and flowing robes of kings. The rugged gaberdines of beggars, monks' cowls, cavaliers' glittering jackets and cloaks, peasants' picturesque ribbon decked suits, savages' feathers and wampum-trimmed frocks, Roman togas, Turkish spangled suits, military and naval uniforms of all kinds for all nations, knights' armor suits, jolly farmers' red vests and drab small clothes, pettifogging lawyers' black cotton velvet suits; jolly jacktars' blue, anchor-embroidered shirts and duck pants, canvas breeches and broad leathern belts with big buckles for smugglers, red, pink, blue, black, and other dominoes for masquerade scenes, broad-skirted gray suits with big buttons for honest old men in farces, queens' robes and jewels, and peasant girls' muslins and ribbons, —— hats ——.

Did you ever think how much character, so to speak, there is in a hat?

If not, watch how they are used on the stage. Actors understand the use of them, and useful articles they are in the make up of a costume, as you will judge from the all sizes, shapes, styles and dimensions, colors and nationalities that you will find in the wardrobe of a big theatre,—hats with high crowns, hats with low crowns, hats with no crowns at all, splendid low comedy hats, hats with broad and with narrow brims, beggars' hats, peasants' hats, noblemen's hats, with tall flaunting feathers, great broad Spanish sombreros with drooping plumes, brigands' ribbon-trimmed and peasants' jaunty little head coverings, jewel-decked and feather-crowned protectors for representatives of the great, Roman helmets, French shakos, grenadiers' bear-skins, gold-banded caps, sailors' tarpaulins, the jester's jingling head-piece, Quakers' broad-brims, the monarch's crown, Paddy's caubeen—HATS!

Out from the wardrobe! Now let us mount above to the "paint room." Up past the dressing-rooms, to the region amid canvas clouds, tops of palaces and temples, or forest foliage, technically known as "the flies." The visitor here finds a set of men who work this part of the scenery, attend to the curtain, &c. The number of ropes stretching in every direction surprises one, and makes it seem quite a marvel to know the use of and operate them successfully.—Here, up above and at the extreme rear of the theatre, is the scenic artist and his assistant. Suspended upon light wooden frames is the canvas scenery. The canvas is prepared by an assistant, after which the artist sketches out his scene in crayon, and fills in with the proper colors from the innumerable pots of all kinds that he has prepared. His principal assistant does that part of the work or filling-in which requires less skill; perhaps most of the wings, or side scenes, as the public call them, while the "flats," or the scenery that closes together directly in front of the audience, and the general arrangement of extensive views, are the work of the principal artist.

And there is yet one more department behind the scenes, that of the machinist or carpenter—an important operator, who builds all the bridges and balconies, and makes all the trap-doors, thrones, flowery banks, and ale-house benches, who makes all the frame work for the scenery, and sees that all mechanical work is kept in good running order.

And now, having glanced in at the several departments, we will step down upon the stage again. Men in their shirt sleeves are standing ready to change the scenery. An actor is standing at L. U. E. (left upper entrance), waiting for his "cue" to go on. The king's guard, consisting of twelve men, of various sizes and curious physiognomy, are posted R. U. E. (right upper entrance), waiting the summons of the monarch—"What, ho! guards, without there!"—when they will march on, no two in step, and half with arms shouldered on the right and half on the left shoulder, as guards on the stage always do. Suddenly you hear the words—"See, the duke descends the palace steps. Now he speaks to Sir Hubert. He is coming here—here comes his highness!"

"His highness," who during the time he has been supposed to have been descending the palace steps, and seen by the individual who looked off the stage and spoke the above words, has all the while been chatting with you just like any other man, till the last four words strike his ear, when he suddenly stops, says to us—"Excuse me—my cue, gentlemen," settles his plumed hat a little more firmly, throws his velvet cloak over the left arm, puts on a stage face and stage stride, and "goes on."

You hear an excited dialogue in the play sounding oddly enough to you here, because you have seen none of the first part and don't know the plot. The last comer suddenly delivers a brilliant passage, moves across the stage with a tragic stride, and the audience give a round of applause.

He has "made a point."

Under cover of the noise of clapping hands, the prompter improves the opportunity to sing out to two auxiliaries who are not in their proper position on the stage, and make them move further back; and you hear the venerable gray-headed monarch in the scene say, in a voice audible where you stand, but inaudible to the audience, while not a muscle of his austere countenance changes, "Good hit, Charley! Give 'em another!" Charley, who plays "his highness," also hears it, but of course makes no signs, as he goes on with his part, and the piece progresses to its close—a deadly combat, the curtain falling upon a bloody battlefield—the tyrant slain by the rightful duke who stands over his prostrate form with sword upraised in boastful triumph, and his victorious followers picturesquely grouped about him.

The audience cheer and applaud, the prompter "rings down," and as the green curtain bumps upon the stage, the conqueror lowers his victorious brand, extends his hand to his fallen foe, who by its friendly aid leaps to his feet, draws forth a —— pocket handkerchief from the recesses of his armor, wipes the perspiration from his brow—

"Phew! it's a warm night!"

"The duke," "the tyrant," "his highness," and the rest hurry off to their dressing rooms, and are soon transformed into ordinary mortals like ourselves. The lights are extinguished, with the exception of a few to guide the actors who are to leave, and the watchman who takes care of the building, and we emerge from behind the scenes, perhaps with the reflection that a great deal that we see in the world outside, is not unlike in its deception to the mimic one with whose mysteries we have just been made acquainted, and that there is much truth in the words of the poet—"All the world's a stage."

ENGLAND AND MEXICO.—The reply of Earl Russell to the memorial presented him relative to Mexican affairs is published. It is not at all hopeful in regard to the possibility of a strong and respectable government being established in that country. He says, in reference to the feasibility of throwing a protecting force into Mexico to restore tranquillity, that her Majesty's government cannot think it wise to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico, as there is no proof of the existence of a large party in that country prepared to avail itself of foreign aid. Earl Russell says her Majesty's government has a right to require security for the persons and property of British subjects and the performance of specific engagements on the part of Mexico, and will exercise this right.

THE PRICE OF BUTTER.—Mr. John Colson, of Rome, Oneida county, New York, informs us that dealers in butter are reaping a rich harvest by selling it to shippers for Germany and England, where there is a great demand for the article. He says that farmers, owing to the fact that the Southern market is closed against their manufacture, are disposing of it at an extremely low price, while shippers are realizing a profit of from 40 to 50 per cent. Mr. Colson, having sold his butter before learning of this foreign demand, is desirous that others of his vocation should be informed upon the subject.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FIGHT ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

THE REBELS ATTACK COL. WILSON'S ZOUAVES AT NIGHT—SUCCEED IN BURNING THEIR ENCAMPMENT—ARE DRIVEN BACK WITH HEAVY LOSS.

The McClellan brings reliable news of this fight, which occurred on the morning of Oct. 9. The Zouave camp was situated on Santa Rosa Island, about one mile from Fort Pickens, and was so distributed as to command all the approaches to the fort, and also to protect the batteries. The rebel forces, 1,500 strong, embarked from the Pensacola Navy Yard in three large steamers, and landed on the island about four miles above the camp. It was about 2 A. M., and very dark.

The rebels rapidly formed their columns, and proceeded silently towards the Zouave camp, hoping to effect a total sacrifice. In this they were but partially successful, the picket guard, stationed about six hundred yards from the camp, discovered and fired upon them. This gave the alarm, and saved the regiment from annihilation. The attack of the enemy's columns was simultaneous, and volley after volley was aimed upon the volunteers. They were forced to fall back, leaving their camp in the hands of the rebels, which they immediately commenced burning.

The volunteers were badly managed, and Col. Wilson is very much censured for the inefficiency and want of skill displayed in the action. He did not arrive at the scene of action until all was over. The camp of the Sixth regiment was almost totally destroyed, officers and men losing everything. Major Mewby had a narrow escape from capture. He was confined to his bed, dangerously ill, at the time of the attack, and having been assisted to dress by his servants, was on the point of leaving his quarters when the rebels charged up to the door. One of his servants was instantly killed, and the other taken prisoner. The Major levelled his revolver and shot one of the rebels through the head, and then passing quickly out of the house, he succeeded in mounting his horse and rode safely through the storm of bullets showered upon him by the disappointed enemy, to whom a field officer would have been a great prize.

Fort Pickens was by this time thoroughly aroused, and three companies of regulars came to Wilson's assistance. It was now our turn, and the rebels commenced retreating to their boats, closely followed by the regulars and a small number of volunteers, keeping up a destructive fire upon them, killing and wounding a large number. The rebels finally succeeded in reaching their boats, but were not permitted to depart so easily. Their steamers were about 500 yards from the beach, and our men poured volley upon volley into the crowded mass; every bullet told, and by the shouts and utter confusion of the enemy, it was clearly evident that we had obtained ample satisfaction for the insults to our flag.

The regular soldiers behaved nobly, and great credit is due to Capts. Robertson and Hilt, and Lieuts. Seely and Taylor, for the admirable coolness they displayed in manœuvering their respective commands.

The Sixth regiment lost 10 killed, 16 wounded, and 9 prisoners; the regulars lost 4 killed, 29 wounded, and 10 prisoners—69 in all. The rebels lost 350 killed, wounded and missing. We took 35 prisoners, including three doctors, who were released. The rebels also left 22 killed and five wounded on the island. The rebel Capt. Bradford and Lieut. Elms were killed; three officers were captured, one of them, Lieut. Jayne, formerly of the U. S. Marines, badly wounded. Gen. Anderson, who was in command of the enemy, was wounded in the arm after disembarking.—The enemy acknowledge a loss of over one hundred.

Major Vogdes, of the Union forces, was made prisoner by the rebels.

A rebel correspondent of the Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer, describing the above fight, says:—"I scarcely know whether we achieved a victory or suffered a defeat. We did the duty which we went to perform, and did it well; yet we shot down our own friends in numbers. Indeed, I think as many of our men were shot by friends as by foes. Night skirmishing is a dangerous business, especially in an unknown country, as was the island of Santa Rosa."

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

As the fact that a large number of war vessels, connected with the great naval expedition, have recently left Annapolis, has been published in several of our exchanges, no evil can result from an allusion to it in our columns.

General Sherman commands the army, assisted by such men as Brig. Gen. Stevens, Gilmore, of the U. S. engineer corps, and others. The following is a list of the vessels comprising the squadron:

Steamers.	*Tons.*	*Steamers.*	*Tons.*
Ariel	1,296	Florida	1,261
Atlantic	2,845	Locust Point	462
Alabama	1,261	Marion	800
Baltic	2,723	Mercedita	1,070
Bienville	1,600	Ocean Queen	2,802
Cahawba	1,643	Parkersburg	115
Coatzacoalcos	1,500	Philadelphia	1,238
Daniel Webster	1,035	Roanoke	1,071
De Soto	1,675	Santiago de Cuba	1,850
Empire City	1,751	Vanderbilt	3,360
Ericsson	1,902		

The fleet passed the steamer sailing up from Old Point Comfort to Baltimore, on the evening of the 21st ultimo, and no doubt reached the rendezvous on the morning of the 22nd.

What point to be assailed is wholly a matter of conjecture, the intentions of the Government being wisely concealed. And it is altogether uncertain whether the demonstration is to be made against Beaufort, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, New Orleans, or some other locality.

The fleet will carry probably fifteen or twenty thousand men.

AN AMAZONIAN LEADER.—One of the features of the First Tennessee (Union) Regiment is in the person of a brave and accomplished young lady of but eighteen summers, and of prepossessing appearance, named Sarah Taylor, of East Tennessee, who is the step-daughter of Captain Dowden, of the First Tennessee Regiment.

Miss Taylor is an exile from her home, having joined the fortunes of her step-father and her wandering companions, accompanying them in their perilous and dreary flight from their homes and estates. Miss Taylor has formed a determination to share with her late companions the dangers and fatigues of a military campaign. She has donned a neat blue chapeau, beneath which her long hair is fantastically arranged; bearing at her side a highly-finished regulation sword, and silver-mounted pistols in her belt, all of which gives her a very neat and martial appearance. She is quite the idol of the Tennessee boys. They look upon her as a second Joan of Arc, believing that victory and glory will perch upon the standards borne in the ranks favored by her presence. Miss Captain T. is all courage and skill. Having become an adept in the sword exercise, and a sure shot with the pistol, she is determined to lead in the van of the march, bearing her exiled and oppressed countrymen back to their homes, or, if failing, to offer up her own life's blood in the sacrifice.

ANECDOTES OF COL. BAKER.

The death of Col. Baker recalls a curious incident, amounting to a presentiment, which happened the day he left Washington to join his column. Speaking to Col. Crossman, commandant of the Arsenal, he said, solemnly:—"My dear friend, good-bye; I shall never meet you again." The issue has verified his speech, and Baker, having performed his duty, gave up his life.

Another incident, dating a long way back, but not less veracious, may be here inserted. When a weaver's boy, it was Baker's custom to manage the loom with one hand, and with the other steady a book upon his knee. A friend, coming hastily into the shop one day, saw him thus engaged, and weeping bitterly.

"What affects you, my lad?" said he; "what are you reading?"

"The Constitution of the United States," said the boy; "and here I find that no foreigner can be President; while I am of English birth."

Mr. Wilkes writes to the *New York Tribune*:—

"Upon the writer of this article, perhaps, the tidings of his loss fell with a more startling effect than upon any person else. It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and we had the honor to entertain him as our guest at dinner, on an afternoon in the month of August last. On that occasion, when we expressed (in view of the recent disaster at Manassas) a natural concern as to the deportment of his troops, he said:—'Wilkes, I have some peculiar notions as to the part I am to play in this extraordinary war; and I want you to bear in mind that what I now say to you is not the result of any idle fancy or vague impression. It is doubtful if I shall ever again take my seat in the Senate!' To the look of surprise which I turned upon him at this expression, he replied:—'I am certain I shall not live through this war, and if my troops should show any want of resolution, I shall fall in the first battle. I cannot afford, after my career in Mexico, and as a Senator of the United States, to turn *my* face from the enemy!' There was no gloom or depression in his manner, but it was characterized by a temperate earnestness which made a deep impression on my mind.

"Lo! before October has shed its leaves, his sword lies upon his pulseless breast, and his toga has become the cerements of the grave.

"Good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hail and farewell!"

The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial has the following in reference to Col. Baker:

"The writer met Col. Baker in June last, on a steamer going from Baltimore to Fortress Monroe. He said he did not expect to survive the war; that, in his judgment, he never should see the shores of the Pacific again. This was hardly so much a presentiment on his part as a calculation. He said the troops were green, and it would be necessary for the officers to expose themselves. He had seen service, and would feel it a duty to lead his regiment. The enemy had plenty of sharp-shooters, and he presumed they would pick him off. He said he believed it would be his fate to die at the head of his regiment—and so he died.

"It may illustrate the temper and character of the man to mention that, after saying with as perfect calmness as he could have named the most trivial circumstance, that he believed it would be his fate to fall in battle, and that he should never see his home on the Pacific again, he retired from the guards, where he had engaged in conversation, to the cabin, and seating himself at the piano, played with grace and skill remarkable for a gentleman amateur on that instrument, several touching airs, among them that favorite of the English soldiers before Sebastopol, sweet and mournful Annie Laurie."

A STRIKING FIGURE.

The opening paragraph in the late Fast Day Sermon of Rev. W. A. Butler, of Brooklyn, was as follows:—

"My friends—It is time for prayer. Men are apt to pray once at least before they die. Prayer is the spiritual anodyne that holds the final hope. We are met this morning around the couch of a sick nation, the youngest born of all the nations. Our beloved is smitten with a dreadful malady, which active cauterizing would have checked in the beginning, but it has now become a chronic disease of a most formidable character. The doctors in consultation at the Capital could not agree in their diagnosis; a poultice of compromise and a pill of promise were administered; and thus the fell disease is nursed until it breaks out in terrible cancer. This is the work of quacks and knaves; but the surgeons come in and prepare their sharp instruments, and the remedy will be as terrible as the disease. In behalf of our dear, suffering mother-land, we assemble around the couch of the invalid, that by importunity of prayer we may move the God of mercies to spare. GOD *is in his confessional to-day, and the United States is on its knees before Him!*"

CALIFORNIA.—The Nevada Journal of the 27th ult., has the aggregate returns—nearly all official—of the vote for Governor in every county of the state, which we contrast with the vote for President, as follows:—

Gov.	1861.	Pres't.	1860.
Stanford	55,281	Lincoln	39,173
Conness	30,283	Douglas	38,516
McConnell	32,140	Breckinridge	34,334
Total	118,604	Total	112,023

Increase of vote 5,981.

We suspect California is the only state that casts a heavier vote this year than last. The Republican gain is 16,408.

DISAFFECTION AMONG THE REBELS.—Reliable information from Virginia confirms the stories of discontent and murmuring, not only in the camps but among all classes, at the management of affairs by the Southern Government, which, while it subjects them to continual sacrifices and privations, brings no advantages in return.

It is believed that but for the overawing presence of the rebel army, eastern Virginia would now be ready to return to loyalty.

Many evidences of satisfaction and signs of welcome are displayed by the inhabitants of Loudon county towards the newly arrived troops of Gen. Banks.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.—The funeral obsequies of the lamented Colonel Baker took place at Washington on the 26th. There was an imposing display—including troops, the President, Heads of Department, &c. The hearse was preceded by a detachment of twelve men from the California regiment, selected from those who rescued the body of Baker on the field from the rebels. They had previously carried the coffin from the house to the hearse, and arriving at the cemetery they deposited it in the vault. After the process of embalming has been completed, the body will be sent to California, and buried in the Lone Mountain, near the grave of Senator Broderick.

THE War Department has made a requisition on Pennsylvania for five *companies* of heavy artillery, and asked that Col. Angeroth, of Philadelphia, shall enlist and command them, which has been agreed to.

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. TODD has been assigned to the command of the Union forces in North Missouri.

A **DISPATCH** from Gen. Rosecrans reports that the rebels are falling back, and are concentrating below Gauley bridge to co-operate with Johnston, who has separated from Gen. Beauregard.

NEW batteries of eighteen heavy guns have been discovered and unmasked at Matthias point, on the Potomac, where vessels in passing the point are obliged to hug the Virginia shore for four or five miles, and the commander of the Potomac flotilla has officially notified the Government that the river is blockaded. River men also report that the rebels have a number of boats concealed in creeks and inlets between Aquia creek and Occoquan bay, and that they are busy in building launches, apparently with a view to crossing into Maryland, or to seize vessels coming up the river.

THE ship Thomas Wattson, of Philadelphia, in attempting to run the blockade at Charleston with a cargo of supplies for the rebels, struck on a reef, and after being searched was burned to the water's edge by our squadron.

THE breadstuffs crops in Portugal are shorter than in any other of the European countries.

THE English squadron at Bermuda is composed of 20 vessels, manned by 6,500 men and mounts upward of 500 guns. The French squadron in those waters at present consists of 6 steamers, mounting 210 guns, and will shortly be largely increased.

THE two Circuit Court Judges at Washington having united in an attachment against General Porter for contempt in putting Judge Merrick under arrest, the President has instructed the United States Marshal not to serve the writ, but to return it to the court with the statement that the President has for the present suspended the habeas corpus in military cases.

THE rebel steamer George Page, has, under cover of the rebel batteries, run out of Aquia creek crowded with men, and landed upon the Maryland shore, in the vicinity of a regiment of Sickles' brigade.

THE election in western Virginia has resulted in favor of a division of the state of Virginia by a very heavy majority—almost approaching unanimity. Thirty-nine counties are to be included in the new state.

IOWA AND MINNESOTA.—Gov. Kirkwood is re-elected in Iowa by an increased majority. He is a Union Republican. In Minnesota the Republican Governor Ramsey is chosen again by a majority greater than two years ago.

A TRAITOR CAGED.—The betrayer of the plan of Gen. McClellan for a brilliant *coup* against the rebels on Munson's Hill, by which the taking prisoners of several thousand rebels was defeated, is discovered to be a clerk in the War Department, who has been already incarcerated at Fort Lafayette. The traitor had no relations, official or personal, with Gen. Scott or any of his staff.

BIGAMISTS BY MISTAKE.—Two young married men of Searsburg, Vt., who left for California, some years since, and returned home recently, found their wives remarried. They having heard nothing from their husbands since their departure, applied to a young lady spiritualist, who was very exact in describing to them the death and burial of their husbands, the date of their funeral, and the disease of which they died. Their wives supposing this to be reliable, remarried, and there was a funny time when the long absent husbands returned.

STEAMER CAPTURED.—The steamer Salvor, from Havana, with contraband goods, was recently captured as she was about entering Tampa Bay, Florida, by the U. S. steamer Keystone State, and towed to Key West. Her cargo is said to consist of 600 pistols, half a million percussion caps, 600 dozen hats, 8 cases of shoes, 400,000 cigars, and 400 bags of coffee. A nice prize that for the Keystone.

A **LETTER** from Key West, dated the 20th, reports the arrival at Cardenas, on the 16th, of the rebel steamer Theodora, from Charleston, with the French Consul and family and Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the rebel Commissioners to France and England.

29,500 army blankets are said to have arrived at New York for the government.—These cost the government two dollars each, and weigh five pounds.

A **DISPATCH** from Rolla, Mo., states that Lieutenant Kirby, with fifteen men of Major Wright's battalion, had another fight with forty-five rebels, near Linn creek, on the 17th, killing five of them, and wounding about a dozen.

FROM Cairo we have news that the arsenal and cannon foundry at Memphis have been destroyed by fire. Gen. Polk's command has been ordered to New Orleans to defend that place against the great naval expedition, leaving only 1,600 men at Columbus.

A **U. S. CAVALRY** horse, on his way to Washington recently, finding one door of his car open, jumped from it while the train was making twenty miles an hour. He lighted on his feet unhurt, leaped a fence, and galloped away.

BEEF CONTRACT.—Benj. S. Kunkle and John L. Metzger, of Harrisburg, have received a contract for four thousand cattle, with the privilege of sixteen thousand, to be delivered either at Chambersburg or Harrisburg, as the government may order. The contract is $3,49 gross per hundred.

AN advertisement offering fifty dollars reward for a fugitive slave, recently appeared in the *National Republican*—the only Republican paper published at Washington.

TOD, the Union candidate for Governor in Ohio, has about 55,000 majority.

THE Gulf States have cannon in abundance, but are sadly in want of small arms and muskets. The Bermuda, which ran the blockade, and arrived at Savannah, brought over but six thousand five hundred stand of arms, and not the almost fabulous number accredited to her.

CAPTAIN STEWART, Adjutant-General to General Stone, is otherwise known as Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, and served in the Crimea. He has often been mistaken for Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, who has recently returned to England.

BAKER'S, or the California brigade, comprises three regiments, mostly Philadelphians, and consists of the following:—First California Regiment, Lieut. Colonel Wistar; Philadelphia Fire Zouaves, Colonel Baxter; Philadelphia Irish Regiment, Col. Owen.

TWENTY sergeants have been promoted to be first lieutenants for meritorious services. Among them is one who served under Gen. Lyon in all his battles.

LETTERS received in this city from Louisville, Ky., state that the Pennsylvania troops who recently arrived there were not only welcomed with enthusiasm, but pronounced as fine a body of men as has yet been enlisted for the war in that military district. It is supposed that Brigadier General Sherman will immediately place them in camp, and prepare them for active duty.

THE reports of the removal of Gen. Fremont, and that Gen. Hunter was to take his place, seem to be premature. We judge that certain gentlemen want him removed badly, but do not quite like, just yet, to take the responsibility. It will be hard to make the people believe that his famous Proclamation, and the applause it met with, are not at the bottom of the whole matter.

THE naval expedition has arrived at Fortress Monroe.

THE ALLEGED REBEL VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF IT—THE U. S. FLEET ATTACKED BY FIRE SHIPS—THE PREBLE, VINCENNES AND RICHMOND ASHORE—NOBODY HURT!

The steamship McClellan brings news from S. W. Pass, mouth of the Mississippi, 14th; and Fort Pickens, 15th; Tortugas, 18th; and Key West, 19th.

An attack was made, on the night of the 12th instant, on the U. S fleet lying at anchor near the S. W. Pass by the Rebel fleet, consisting of six gunboats, the battering ram Manassas, and a large number of fire ships, which filled the river from shore to shore. The U. S. fleet consisted of the U. S steamers Richmond, Huntsville, Water-Witch, sloops-of-war Preble and Vincennes, and storeship Nightingale. The fleet, when attacked, were at anchor inside of S. W. Pass. The ram Manassas came down and drifted foul of the Richmond, knocking a hole in her quarter and stern, doing but little damage.

To avoid the fire ships the squadron immediately got underweigh and drifted down the river.

The Richmond, Preble and Vincennes got ashore on the bar, (the storeship Nightingale also went ashore,) and while ashore were attacked by the Rebels, but without doing any damage to the vessel or life in any respect.

But one shot took effect, and that struck the Richmond on the quarter. They were beaten off by the Vincennes with two guns, she having hove overboard the rest of her armament, with her chains, anchors, &c., to lighten her, she being very much exposed to the Rebel fire.

The squadron has no one killed or wounded. The Richmond, Preble and Vincennes were towed off the same day by the steamship McClellan, which opportunely arrived. She received considerable damage to her stern frame in getting them off. The Nightingale remained ashore when the McClellan left, and would probably be got off next day, by the aid of the steamers connected with the fleet.

The U. S. frigate Niagara arrived at S. W. Pass on the 14th.

Such is the true account of a Rebel VICTORY.

THE DURATION OF THE WAR.

From the Richmond (Virginia) Whig.

All the indications point to a long war. At one time we had hoped that the dash—the *elan* of our volunteers unrestrained, but simply guided by able Generals—would have planted our banners, before frost, in the heart of the enemy's country, and conquered an honorable peace. But a different policy has obtained. We of the South, who were to attack, have adopted a system of defence, and, so far, have uniformly awaited the advance of the foe. This may be the safer policy; but we have never been able to appreciate it. Our conviction is that a victorious advance into the enemy's country is the only road to a lasting and honorable peace. We must fight, and we must conquer before we can make a treaty. If we cannot do this, we must submit to the fate of the weaker party. The enemy has the dominion of the sea; he can assail us at almost innumerable points; he can plunder our coasts, and penetrate our rivers. He is supreme in the Chesapeake Bay; he commands the Potomac; he has possession of Maryland, of North-Western Virginia, and is contending for Missouri and Kentucky. While he threatens our whole coast, he may assail us at any point of our extended frontier. This whole situation must be altered before we can have peace on any terms compatible with honor and safety.

We have never heard of any plan suggested for effecting this desirable alteration short of carrying the war into the enemy's country. While we stand on the defensive, and the enemy is intrenched on this side of the Potomac, it is impossible for us to destroy his supremacy at sea, or prevent his predatory incursions on our coast. We are subjected to all the disadvantages of a defensive war of indefinite duration, or to a peace dictated by the enemy. The possibility of our success is not within the range of accident. To prevent our subjugation or extermination is all we can hope for.

We have no skill in strategy, and know nothing of the means at the command of our Generals; but if this is all that is left to us, we had as well be looking out for terms of submission, and the sooner the better. An endless war, which affords no opportunity for either victory or revenge, is a bootless undertaking.

The Southern people who have offered themselves and their all for the prosecution of this war, and who have reposed implicit confidence in the men intrusted with its conduct, have looked for something better.—It is not to be disguised that a sense of uneasiness and distrust is gradually supplanting that generous confidence. A suspicion is gaining ground that all the advantages of our position have not been prosecuted with the vigor and energy demanded by the emergency. We hear mutterings and complaints, apart from those connected with the Quartermaster, Commissary, and Medical Departments, growing out of the appointment of so many civilians to high commands. Many of these appointments have filled the country with apprehensions of some great disaster.

THE YANKEE SAMSON.—Doctor Windship, the celebrated lecturer, of Boston, in a lecture delivered recently in Boston, at the close of his entertainment verified certain of his statements, by lifting without difficulty twelve men whose aggregate weight was ascertained to be between eighteen hundred and two thousand pounds. It is really astonishing to what extraordinary muscular power Dr. Windship has attained by the scientific development of his frame. He gains strength and health day by day, and is now unquestionably the strongest man in the world.

In the performance of this tremendous feat, Dr. W. employed neither straps, bands nor girdle—nothing, in short, but a stout oaken stick, fitting across his shoulders, and having attached to it a couple of rather formidable looking chains. He stood upon a staging eight or ten feet from the floor.

GEN. STONEMAN, chief of the cavalry of the army on the Potomac, will probably be made a Major General, the number of his forces requiring an officer of that grade. If this be so, there must be over ten thousand cavalry.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 26, 1861.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	18 dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	6 to 7 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	18 dis.
Iowa	2, dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	6 to 70 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

AT the White House, the intelligence of Col. Baker's death had additional poignancy from the warm personal regard existing between the President and the deceased. President Lincoln, in fact, seems to have felt the loss as of a brother, and walked the floor of his room through the night in the greatest grief.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been steady and firm, but only moderately active and without any material change to notice, and the demand for shipment fair, sales reaching 14,000 bbls in lots, mostly for export, at $5,25@5,50 for common and good superfine; $5,62½@5,75 for extras, and $5,75@6 for extra family, the latter for good straight lots, including 250 bbls middling at $4,25, 400 bbls fine Flour at $5, 2300 bbls City Mills superfine and 2500 bbls Ohio family on terms kept private. The sales to the trade range at from the above figures to superfine and extras up to $6,25@7,50 ₰ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in lots on arrival at $3,75@3,87½. Corn Meal is but little inquired for and dull at $2,81¼ for Penna, and $3,25 ₰ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market has been fully supplied with Wheat. Sales comprise about 66,000 bus at $1,28 @1,35 for fair to choice Western and Penna reds, mostly at $1,32 for prime lots; $1,30 to 1,35 for fair prime Southern do, and from $1,35 to 1,50 for white, of common and choice quality, the latter for Southern and Kentucky. Rye is also better, and all offered sold at 70@73c for Penna and 65@67c for Southern. Corn has been offered more freely, and prices at the close were unsettled and lower, with sales of 30,000 bus yellow at 64@66c, in store and afloat, including white at 70c, and some yellow, not prime, sold at 60@62½c. Oats are in active demand at a further advance, with sales of 45,000 bus at 37@39c for Southern, and 38@40c for Penna, closing rather scarce at the latter figures. Barley and Malt are steady, with further sales of the former at 75c for prime lots.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally is firm, with a reduced stock of most kinds to operate in, and Mess Pork is selling in lots as wanted at $15@15½ ₰ bbl. Beef ranges at from $12 to $15 for Western and City Mess, as to brand. Bacon has been moving off slowly at 7½@9c for plain and fancy Hams; 6¾@7c for Sides, and 5¾@6c for Shoulders, cash and on time. Green Meats are scarce, and Shoulders, if here, would bring 5@5½c ₰ lb. Lard is also scarce and wanted at 9¾@9½c for tcs and bbls; kegs are worth about the same rates, and very little prime here. Butter continues dull, with a small business only to note in packed at 8@8½c, and roll at 10@12c, as in quality. Cheese is steady, and selling at from 6c to 8c ₰ lb, the latter in a retail way. Eggs are better, and worth 15c ₰ doz, in lots.

COTTON.—The market for this staple is very firm, sales reaching 200 bales at from 20 to 23c for low to good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are steady, with moderate sales at quotations.

BARK.—There is very little offering, and the market is better, with further sales of about 150 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron at $27½@28, and some of a favorite brand at $31 per ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted at previous quoted rates, and but little arriving.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good yellow is held at 32@33c ₰ lb.

COAL.—There is a moderate demand for Anthracite to supply the Eastern markets, and prices are steadily maintained; for home use there is a fair business doing for the season.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, but there is little or no stock in first hands, and a small business only to note, including 500 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 15½@16½c, on time.

COPPER is inactive, and prices the same; of Yellow Metal further sales are reported at 18c ₰ lb, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull, and a small business to note at 37@40c ₰ lb, mostly at the former rate.

FRUIT.—Green Apples are selling at from $2 to 3½@4 ₰ bbl, as in quality, the latter for choice lots. Domestic Dried Fruit continues scarce and high. Apples range at 5@6, and unpared Peaches at 6@7c ₰ lb. Cranberries are abundant and sell at $6@7 ₰ bbl.

HAY is more active, and good Timothy is selling at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is little or no stock in first hands, and the market is firm but quiet.

HOPS are dull, and selling in a small way only at 20@25c ₰ lb.

IRON.—There is some inquiry for Anthracite, and the only sales made public are 2000 tons at $18, cash, for No 1, and $17 for No 2. Scotch Pig is very quiet, and selling in a small way at $22 ₰ ton.

LEAD is firm and on the advance, with a very reduced stock on sale.

LUMBER.—There is no new feature in the market, and a small business to note in White and Yellow Pine Boards at quotations. Laths sell at $1,15@1,25 ₰ M, as to lots.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet; 300 casks Syrup sold at 33@37c; some Clayed Cuba at 26@27c, and Muscovado at 30c, on time.

PLASTER is selling at $2,25 ₰ ton for Soft, and the demand good.

RICE.—The stock is nearly exhausted, and the demand very small at 7½@7½c ₰ lb.

SALT is unchanged, and 6,000 bu Curacoa sold on terms kept private; 5200 sacks Ashton's fine, just in, remain unsold.

SEEDS.—The demand for Clover and Timothy is limited, and the market for both very inactive, the former selling at $4@4,50 and the latter at $1,75@1,87½ ₰ bu. The receipts are moderate. Flaxseed continues scarce, and domestic is wanted at $1,60 ₰ bu.

SPIRITS.—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin, and no change to note. N E Rum is also steady at 30@32c. Whiskey is dull and drooping at the close, with sales of bbls at 21½@22c, and Drudge at 20½@21c.

SUGARS are firm but quiet, and the stock very light, with a few small sales of Cuba and Porto Rico only to note at 8@9c, on time, and 320 boxes at a price kept private.

TALLOW is inactive but firm at 9c for city and 8½c for country rendered.

TOBACCO.—The transactions in Leaf and Manufactured are limited, and the latter scarce and steadily on the advance.

WOOL meets with an active demand, especially the low grades, which have further advanced, with sales to some extent at 50@57½c for common, the latter for tub, and 50@55c for fine; the offerings are light for the season.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 7 cts ₰ lb. Cows brought from $20 to 30 ₰ head. 4500 [illegible] were sold at from 6 to 7c ₰ lb net. 1500 [illegible] sold at from $5,00 to 5,75 ₰ cwt.

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MARRIAGES.

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At Conshohocken, Pa. on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Y. G. Clemson, Mr. ALAN WOOD, Jr. of Conshohocken, Pa. to Miss MARY H. YERKES, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES A. VERNON, to Miss THOMAZINE J. LUDWICK, both of Chester county.

On the 21st ultimo, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM H. VOLENTINE, to Miss FANNY M. WILKENSON, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, HENRY T. KING, Esq. to Miss MARY LOUISE JENKS, youngest daughter of Edw. Jenks, Esq. deceased.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN C. C. SHEPPARD, of Bridgeton, N. J. to Miss JENNIE E. SMITH, of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Kendall, Mr. JOSEPH HOLLAND, to Miss EMMA BROWN.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. J. S. Willis, Mr. WILLIAM H. HEISS, to Miss ANGELINE UNDERKOUFLER, both of this city.

On Thursday, 17th ultimo, by the Rev. T. K. Conrad, MARY A. eldest daughter of W. W. Knigh, of Germantown, Pa. to J. FRED. SMITH, of Chambersburg, Pa.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Barns, Mr. WILLIAM H. HEDDEN, to Miss MARY ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE TUCKER, to Miss CAROLINE BARNHOLT, both of this city.

On the 14th of July, 1861, by the Rev. G. Oram, Mr. GEORGE M. TATTERSALL, to Miss SARAH A. LAKE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, GEORGE W. FARNUM, in his 44th year.

At Hallowell, Maine, on the 22d ultimo, JOHN MERRICK, the father of S. V. Merrick, of this city, aged 95 years.

On Monday, the 21st ultimo, of consumption, MARY N. widow of the late Wm. H. Oliver, of New York, and only daughter of Matthew Newkirk, of this city, in her 36th year.

On the 21st ultimo, JOSEPH SIMPSON, in his 35th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZA SIDDONS, wife of Wm. Siddons, in her 47th year.

On the 20th ultimo, ALEXANDER SMITH, in his 50th year.

On the 20th ultimo, SARAH PHILIPS, wife of Samuel Philips, aged 60 years.

On the 21st ultimo, REBECCA A. MOYER, wife of Geo. Moyer, in her 40th year.

On the 19th ultimo, GEORGE GREAR, in his 29th year.

On the 18th ultimo, ANN MIDDLETON, wife of the late David Test, in her 91st year.

On the 22d ultimo, BENJAMIN FITE, in his 78th year.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.
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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.
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Wit and Humor.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"
"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend—
"No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Took physic, and has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"
"Nay, but it is really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me;
But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth—
"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
'Twas not two black crows; it was only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?"
"Why,—in such a place."
Away he goes, and having found him out,—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"
"Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find at last all comes to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow?—crow?—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over."
"And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

PRIZE CONUNDRUMS.

Professor Anderson, the Magician, offered a gold watch each to the lady and gentleman of Boston, who should offer the best conundrum, and the night appointed for the award brought together as many people as the Tremont Temple could contain; and, of course, there were some hundreds of them who had anxious hearts pending the test of the pungency and efficacy of their wit. The committee of adjudication took their places on the platform, after the major performances were over, and some five hundred conundrums were read, many of which were received with applause. Jolly good humor prevailed throughout, although the process of reading was a protracted one. It lasted until 12 o'clock, when the judges, among whom was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," retired to consult on their solemn verdict on the funniest of all possible cases. We select a few samples of the conundrums, to show on what sort of evidence they founded the verdict, which, of course, as is the case with all judicial decisions involving great public interests, was subject to the criticism of conflicting opinions:—

BY LADIES.

Why is the Professor's mother a remarkable woman? Because she's herself and her son (Anderson.)

Why should the lady recipient of the proffered prize be competent to solve all the mysteries of the evening's entertainment? Because she will keep a good watch, and possess the key to all its movements.

Why are the gentlemen who tied up Mr. H. Anderson, Jr., this evening, like the Confederate Government? Because their bonds have no security.

Why is the difference between those two favorites of the people, Gen. Anderson and Prof. Anderson? While the General watches our enemies, the Professor WATCHES our friends.

Why will the conundrums that are sent into Tremont Temple be like the notes in a piece of music? Because some will be sharp, and some flat, and they must all be beaten, in order to get the time, which is the guiding motion of the whole, so the Professor says.

Why is Mrs. Lincoln like Lazarus? Because she reposes on Abraham's bosom!

Why is Professor Anderson like Charles Dickens? Because he is the author of "Great Expectations."

Why are our fashionable ladies like a certain class of the city employees? Because they may be seen by scores on a fair day sweeping the streets.

Why is W. H. Russell, LL. D., like an eight day clock regulated on the seventh day? Because, having been pretty well "run down," Secretary Seward has very recently "wound him up,"—rumor says, "set him going?"

Why are the conundrums to-night like Stevens' guns on the 12th of April? Because they are aimed at Anderson's watch.

Why are the audience guessing this conundrum like the leaders of the Southern Confederacy? Because they will have to give it up.

Why is General McClellan like a person who has just captured a small insect which has disturbed his rest? Because he sees the wicked flea before him.

Why will the watches, when awarded, be like a happy couple in marriage? Because they are two: yet are they won.

What is the resemblance between Prof. Anderson and the fountain on the frog-pond? It is that the performances of both are something on-common.

BY GENTLEMEN.

Why would our Government be seriously embarrassed if our worthy ex-Governor should resign the commission he now holds in the army? Because they want prompt action on the part of Banks.

Why have the inhabitants of the city of Boston less need of foreign Bards than those of any other city? Because they can always find poetry in their own "Holmes."

Why is Prof. Anderson in this grand conundrum contest like a sailor at sea on a stormy night? Because he is more likely to be two watches out than to be one watch in.

Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other letter in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning of secession and the end of Jeff. Davis.

Why is the writer of this conundrum like a hungry wolf? Because the one watches for the prey, while the other prays for the watch.

Why should the members of the Irish Brigade be the best boys in the army? Because Irish soldiers are noted for loving Meagher (mar), but for bravery above par.

Why has Massachusetts done more toward the loan than any other state? Because she has sent her Banks.

Why is Prof. Anderson like David of old? Because he beats all (beat Saul.)

Why is W. H. Russell, LL.D., like low prices? Because he corresponds with the Times.

Why is Prof. Anderson like the most honorable man of the present age? Because he has no trick that any one can discover.

Why can hotel boarders dine off of the gong? Because it is "a rousing dinner."

Why can't a whole man enter the Tremont Temple to see Prof. Anderson this evening? Because the Treasurer takes a quarter of him before he gets in.

Why is the rebels' proposition for Uncle Sam to "let 'em alone," like a nigger in a coal-hole looking after a Brattle street boot? Because he don't see it in that light.

Why is an owl in the daylight like the President of the United States? Because he is a-blinkin', (Abe Lincoln.)

Why was the mother of Moses, of Bible history, unlike Dr. Russell, of the London Times? Because she made a run for the bulrush, and he made a rush from the Bull Run.

Why are the rebel leaders like turkeys? When their necks are stretched there will be a general thanksgiving.

Why is it obvious that these watches are not new ones? Because second hand is on the very face of them.

Why is Henry Ward Beecher worse than Brigham Young? Because he has married more women than he can support, and would like to marry more.

Why can't Gen. Beauregard have soup as well as McClellan? Because he can't get the pot o' Mac. (Potomac.)

Why is Prof. Anderson's prize Chronometer like an Indian file? Because it is won by one.

AWARDS.

The watches were assigned to the authors of the following conundrums:—

Ladies' Prize, a Gold Watch—"Why is it impossible for the Government to grant the request of our Southern brethren. Because children in arms are never let alone."

Gentlemen's Prize, a gold watch.—"Why is a water lily like a whale? Because it comes to the surface to blow."

After repeated calls for the authors of the above, no one appeared to claim the prizes, which, by the terms of the advertisement of the competition, were handed to the Mayor of Boston, to be disposed of for charitable purposes.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR WAY THROUGH THE WORLD.—One evening, when Sydney Smith was drinking tea with Mrs. Austin, the servant entered the crowded room, with a boiling tea kettle in his hand. It seemed doubtful, nay, impossible, that he should make his way among the numerous groups, but, on the first approach of the steaming kettle, the crowd receded on all sides, Mr. Smith among the rest, though watching the progress of the lad to the table.

"I declare," said he, addressing Mrs. Austin, "a man who wishes to make his way in life could do nothing better than go through the world with a boiling tea-kettle in his hands."

TWO EPITAPHS.—The following epitaph is taken from a country churchyard in England:—

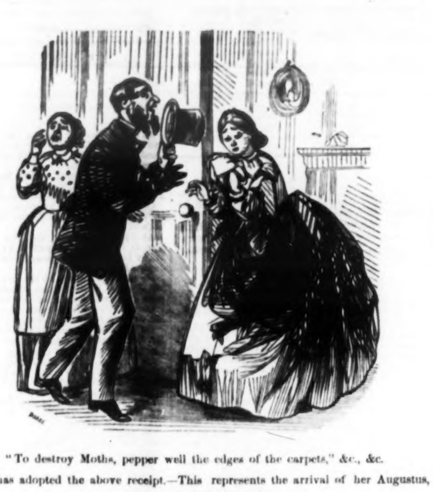
"Here lies Benjamin Snook,
Confectioner and pastry cook;
In the bakehouse he got burnt—
Bakers, here's a lesson to be learnt."

On the same stone:—

"Here lies the wife of the above,
Who died of grief for her true love.
Wives, learn this lesson—and
Don't worry your husband."

A FAST CONGREGATION.—At Mount Carmel, Ill., not long ago, the congregation in the Methodist church found they had got up a *fast*. The church had been newly painted, and quite a large congregation, as usual, had assembled, for the purpose of worship. After preaching was over, and the time for pronouncing the benediction came on, the preacher raised his hand to call the attention of the people to the fact, when jehewey, what a sound! *The congregation were sticking fast to their seats!*

☞ A man came to Philadelphia some years ago exhibiting six boys and six girls, but all of them were dressed in girls' clothes. They were all so much *like* girls in appearance that he made money betting that no one could tell t'other from which. An Irishman went out and returned with a dozen apples. Throwing one to each of the children he observed that some caught them in their hands, these, he said, were boys. Others held their aprons; these, he said, were girls. Pat hit right.



"To destroy Moths, pepper well the edges of the carpets," &c., &c.

Maria has adopted the above receipt.—This represents the arrival of her Augustus, and their affectionate meeting.

DIDN'T WANT TO STAND ON HER HEAD.

Jane Eliza ———, a very pretty and interesting young lady of eighteen summers and seventeen winters—from the country—stepped into Brady's gallery a few weeks since to get a dozen album cards. She was accompanied by a male cousin who "knows the ropes." After being gracefully posed, the urbane operator took a look at her through the instrument, when Jane Eliza blushed, patted her dress down so as to make it touch the floor all round, and hurriedly beckoned her escort to approach. He came near, when she whispered, anxiously—

"Don't let that horrid man look at me through that thing; please make him stop."

"Why not?" whispered he.

"I don't like to tell you," she blushingly answered.

"Oh, I must insist on knowing," said he.

"Well," answered she, "if I must tell you, (lowering her voice awfully,) it will turn me upside down."

Our city friend, the cousin, smiled—he couldn't help it—and told her he thought she must be mistaken.

"Oh, no," said she; "Mr. E——— is an engineer, and when he surveyed the railroad last summer, he stopped at pa's ever so long, and he told us that if you looked through one of those glasses, the object (that's what he said) was turned upside down. He is a very scientific man, and ought to know, you know."

Our friend assured her he would not have her upset, if he could help it, and told Mr. Brady's representative, (who had been watching the mysterious conference with some interest) that the young lady thought he might now proceed to "take her," without any further preparation, and she was accordingly "took." The joke leaked out somehow, and Jane Eliza's lady friends quiz her often about her fear of a "reverse."

A Maid Servant in the Last Century.

FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES."

Perhaps the following letter, addressed to my grandmother, Mrs. Hook, of Birkby, in Yorkshire, England, may be worth preserving:—

"Madam,—

"Mrs. Watson, of Danby Wick, hearing that I wanted a servant, sent to tell me that a *neice* of hers leaves you at Martinmas, and as I make no doubt of your seeing the necessity of making a very particular inquiry into the character and behavior of servants, I shall make no appology for begging the favor of you to answer the queries on the other side, as you shou'd wish them to be answered for your own use; and shou'd you ever put it in my power to return the favor, I give you my word I wou'd observe the strictest truth in my answer, to every query you cou'd put, for by that, and that only, one may form a judgment, whether a servant will do or not, and where Masters and Mistresses to be upon honor in their character of servants, there wou'd soon be an end of all complaints of bad ones. I am, Madam,

"Your most obedt H'ble Serv.
"DOROTHEA WATSON.

"I shall be obliged by an answer as soon as possible.

"Middleton Tyas, Sept. 24—'88."

"Jane Wilkinson.

"Is she honest, Sober, Diligent?

"Does she keep the House, or is given to gossiping in neighbors' houses?

"Is she truthful, good-tempered, and quiet?

"Is she clean in her business, and clean and plain in her dress?

"Is she seemingly desirous to please, properly respectful, steady, orderly, and regular in her method of business?

"Is she frugal and *neat* in cooking?

"Has she been accustomed to more than boiling and roasting, and does she dress victuals well?

"Is she a good washer and dresser of linen?

"Does she sew plain work well, can she knit and spin lint?

"Is she intelligent as a servant?

"Does she understand the business of a housemaid thoroughly?

"What has been her principal employment while in your service? Did she acquit herself well in it?

"What wages do you give her?

"Has she tea for breakfast, or in the afternoon?

"Your servant knows not what I have sent to you for a character, nor shall she ever know if I disapprove it."

☞ A kind friend was making a cotton doll for little Annie Grace, who was much interested in the manufacture. She was impatient to have the eyes painted, and when told that they must be done last, she said: "That's the reason why we can't see how God makes *us*—he puts in the eyes the last thing!"

Agricultural.

THE KITCHEN.

Very much is written and said about pleasant and tastefully furnished parlors, but the kitchen is left quite in the background, except as it is described in stories of the olden time, "with ponderous beams overhead, from which hung festoons of dried pumpkin, apple, &c." It is too important a part of home to be neglected, yet it surely *is* neglected. The parlor must be cool and airy, and sunshiny; but the kitchen may be wherever there is room for it, with a view from curtainless windows, of barn-yard or wood-pile—no paint or carpet on the floor, no paper on the walls—furnished with chairs and tables, and also with clothes-frame and wash-tubs, a line of dish-towels over the stove, and a row of old hats, coats and frocks for ornaments. This is a picture of too many of our farmers' kitchens; of the place where we housekeepers, are expected to spend a considerable portion of our time. No wonder that mothers look care-worn, and that farmers' wives and daughters complain of their field of labor. No wonder that soiled morning-dresses are seen, for clean calico; white collars and smooth hair could never feel at home in a dingy, cheerless kitchen, and the man who will not provide a pleasant one, deserves to take his breakfast every morning opposite a slovenly-looking wife.

I think, now, of one cheerful kitchen, a simple one, to be sure—but the morning sun looks in through woodbine and roses, and never goes behind the western hills without giving us a good-night glance—and morning-glories love to peep in, and throw their dancing shadows on the shining floor. The distant view of hills and woodland makes many a weary burden light, by its silent teachings. We sing in such a kitchen, just because we cannot help singing, and a sad heart has no place there.

And now, as we, shivering, wrap our shawls about us, vainly endeavoring to convince ourselves that winter is not almost here, yet gladly bring our books and knitting-work around the big cook-stove, for the evening, do, husbands and fathers, hear my humble plea in behalf of the "suffering sisterhood," and give us a *cheery kitchen*.—HITTY G———, *in N. E. Farmer.*

FECUNDITY OF PLANT LICE.—Professor Owen, in explaining the wonderful increase of these insects, states that the *Aphis lanigera* produce each year ten viviparous broods, and one which is oviparous, and each 100 individuals. The following shows the increase for one year, on this basis:—

Generations.		Aphis produces.
1st	"	1
2nd	"	100
3rd	"	10,000
4th	"	1,000,000
5th	"	100,000,000
6th	"	10,000,000,000
7th	"	1,000,000,000,000
8th	"	100,000,000,000,000
9th	"	10,000,000,000,000,000
10th	"	1,000,000,000,000,000,000

OAT STRAW AS FOOD FOR SICK ANIMALS.—"I have often noticed," says Dr. Dadd, "that sick horses will eat oat straw in preference to any other kind of fodder; as a matter of course, however, some will refuse to eat it. Oat straw contains a large proportion of nutrimental matter and some phosphates, and when converted into a sort of bran by means of mill-stones, is a very nourishing diet. This sort of aliment is useful when combined with ground oats, for animals whose systems lack the requisite amount of phosphates. A milch cow, for example, the subject of prostrating disease, is very much benefitted by food of this kind.

A DIALOGUE OVER THE FENCE.

"How d'ye git along hayin' nabur Job?"

"Oh! After a fashion. Put up about ten tons."

"Ten tons! Massy sakes! Is that all? I've got thirty ton in the stack, 'n it all come off'n a dozen acres."

"What was the cost of it?"

"Not a red cent. Me 'n' the boys put it up. Ye don't ketch me a hirin' when I've got tew great lubberly boys, like Jim and Sam, around."

"How long were you at work, Uncle Amos?"

"Jest tew weeks."

"Twelve days for yourself, at $1,25, is $15; twenty-four, at $1, for the boys, is $24—and how much team work?"

"Five days."

"Call that $4, making, in all, $43."

"Wall. I've got fifteen head o' cattle to winter, and that's le's see—tew dollars and eighty-seven a head. I reckon 't I can stan' that. How much d'ye say yew cut?"

"Ten tons."

"'N twenty head 'o cattle tu winter!—Yu'll hev hides to sell in the spring, Job."

"Yes, and good round carcasses in them. I have three acres of turnips, bagas, and so on, to say nothing of my corn stalks."

"'N ye think that's better'n thirty ton of hay—eh?"

"Better and cheaper."

"Cheaper! Wall, how?"

"Yes, cheaper, because better, even if it should cost more. But that is far from being the case. It figures up this way: three acres of ploughing, $6; harrowing, $6; sowing and care, $5; harvesting, about $6—I shall plough them out, and don't count that, as it must be done to prepare for the next year's crop—then add ten tons of hay, at $1,43, $14,30; in all, $37,30. I expect, at least, twenty tons of roots to the acre: so I shall have seventy tons of feed for twenty heads of cattle, at a less cost than your thirty tons for fifteen heads; and if I don't bring mine through the winter in as good condition as you do yours, I shall miss my mark."

[*Uncle Amos, with head down—under lip thrust up to his nose—and eyebrows trying to ride each other.*]

"Faith! Guess he will. 'Bout a dollar a head cheaper, tew. I'll try it, next year—I will—fact!"—*Rural Minnesotian.*

THE COTTON TREE.—We think this subject worthy public attention, and so allude to it again:—Mr. R. C. Kendall of Maryland, says that he discovered it in the Andes, near the fortieth parallel of latitude, and that the ground around the tree was then covered with snow. It is perennial, and lives many years. It may be propagated either from seeds or cuttings. About the third year it begins to yield a crop of bolls without seeds, which are not produced in much perfection until the seventh year. The tree grows to about the size of our peach trees, and the first one observed by Mr. K., about eighteen feet in height, bore a crop which he estimated at nearly one hundred pounds.

Mr. K. is confident that this tree can be cultivated wherever Indian corn can. In its general qualities the fibre of this plant has been pronounced by cotton brokers equal to the best Sea Island variety, and some bales of it have been sold in South America for sixteen cents per pound. The yield is great. With favorable soil and situation, 2,000 lbs. can be raised per acre, while Mr. K. claims that half that amount can be depended upon on an average. Five hundred pounds per acre is held to be a good yield at the South. It can be planted for hedgerows, on lawns, by roadsides, &c.

DURABLE PUTTY.—We have before us some putty made of common clay, well dried and powdered, and then mixed with oil in the same way that putty is made from white lead. With it the glass in an attic window was set sixty-five years ago, and it has been exposed to the storms during that time without the protection of blinds. It appears to stand the weather better than white lead—showing no disposition to crumble or decay, but preserving a hardness like earthenware.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

Useful Receipts.

BREAD APPLE CAKE.—Well butter a tart-dish of any size, about three inches deep, cut some slices of bread quarter of an inch thick, which lay in it so that the bottom and sides are quite covered, stew some apples nearly dry, put them on the bread until the dish is full, cover over with more butter and bread, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour; remove it from the dish; turn over, and dish it up with sugar on the top.—*Soyer.*

APPLE FRITTERS.—Peel and slice crossways, a quarter of an inch thick, some apples, remove the core, and dip them one after the other in the following batter:—Put in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonsful of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, stirring all the while with a spoon, till forming a smooth consistency, to the thickness of cream; then beat the white of the egg till firm, mixing it with the batter; it is then ready to fry; use any fruit as fritters. If no oil, use an ounce of butter previously melted, adding it to the batter before the white of the egg is used.—*Soyer.*

BUTTERED APPLES.—Peel, slice, and core one pound of apples, put into a frying-pan about two ounces of butter, add the apple, and cover over with two ounces of pounded sugar; put them in the oven until done. A very nice dish for children. When done, they may be dished up on a nice crisp piece of toast with sugar over.—*Soyer.*

YEAST.—Boil one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm bottle and cork it close. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 5, 27, 24, 30, is a river in Europe.
My 32, 17, 28, 39, is a mountain in Europe.
My 21, 11, 2, 44, 31, 34, is one of the divisions of Europe.
My 28, 44, 12, 9, 6, 39, is a lake in New York.
My 31, 14, 2, 7, 22, 45, is a mountain in Maine.
My 42, 36, 24, 28, 20, 7, is a lake in Maine.
My 1, 39, 4, 3, 21, 28, 10, 6, is a capital in the United States.
My 19, 39, 31, 43, 44, 36, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 21, 40, 20, 44, 13, 6, is a river in Georgia.
My 16, 4, 2, 18, 26, 45, 33, 9, 41, 45, 5, is a town in New York.
My 38, 15, 44, 17, 9, 37, 41, 8, is a town in North Carolina.
My 7, 26, 32, 25, 35, is a river in England.
My 1, 2, 29, 19, 5, is a city in France.
My whole is a proverb.

Wolcott, Vt. J. H. BUNDY.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 20, 11, 13, 14, is a town in New York.
My 6, 25, 12, 10, 19, is a river in Europe.
My 9, 2, 15, 12, 5, 22, is a bay in Asia.
My 19, 10, 18, 26, 4, 28, is a county in California.
My 3, 23, 13, 11, 27, 19, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 8, 28, 21, 7, is a cape on the coast of Africa.
My 19, 17, 15, 12, 25, 11, is a strait in Asia.
My 6, 13, 28, 11, 16, 15, 19, is a lake in Australia.
My 15, 27, 24, 12, 28, 5, 15, 17, 1, 25, is a division of South America.
My whole was a defeat that aided the achievement of American Independence.

SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's in pen, but isn't in quill,
My second's in knoll, but isn't in hill,
My third's in this, but isn't in that,
My fourth's in coat, also in hat;
My whole's before you this very minute,
And useful things are contained in it.

Tonica, Ill. * *

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Transpose my 5, 3, 2, and I am very destructive.
Transpose my 5, 6, 7, and I am what vegetables will do.
Transpose my 1, 2, 4, 8, and I am to move about.
My whole should hang by the neck till they are dead.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the number of acres, roods and perches, contained in a field whose sides are 32, 35, 30, and 29 roods, respectively.

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa. A. D. YOUNG.

☞ An answer is requested.

INTEREST QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain young man had a legacy left him by his father, to be paid out to him in payments of $1,000 yearly for 10 successive years; the first annuity to come to him 1 year hence. Whereupon he went and bought himself a farm for ten thousand dollars, cash value, and as part payment therefor, he oversigned said legacy of 10 annual payments of $1,000 each. Now the question is: if the whole debt and payments are to be taken at 6 per cent., compound interest, what sum will he have to pay yet at the end of the said 10 years, to be raised from other sources?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a supplement to a will and a certain kind of fish, after having run into a net? Ans.—One is a codicil—the other is a silly cod.

☞ MEM. FOR MILITARY MEN.—Why should the watering places furnish the most men for the army? Ans.—Because every one goes there to recruit.

☞ What bites sharper without teeth than with them? Ans.—Scissors.

☞ How can five persons divide five eggs, that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? Ans.—One takes the dish with the egg.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Battle of New Orleans. CHARADE.—Brigadier (brig-a-deer). GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Narragansett—B—In—Rhode Island—(Nyassi, Andaman, Rochester, Raleigh, Aleppo, Grand, Auvergne, Ngami, St. Charles, Emanuel, Techeskaya, Trenton, Bled el Jerid). GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—336 feet. PROBLEM.—1-30.

Answer to Delta's QUESTION, published August 24th.—15. J. N. Ken, Troy, O.; A. M. Firman, Sugar Grove, Pa.; A. D. Young, Enonville, Pa.; Charles Cottrell, Newport, R. I.; Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, published June 21st.—The higher tower 60 feet. The lower tower 52 feet. The length of the ladder 65 feet.

Answer to PROBLEM by R. T. McK., published August 10th.—$9849.5268+, its equivalent value in ready money. $150.4732, discount. $845, ready money value at bank. $155, discount; and $152.772, its equitable interest.

Messrs. Editors:—In reply to a request in the Post of October 12, by A. D. Young, I send the following answer:—A gets 87.68943 acres, at $2.2807764 per acre; and B gets 112.31056 acres at $1.7807764 per acre. The above answer is correct as far as the decimals are extended, and is the same as the one given by Daniel Diefenbach some time since. An *exact* answer cannot be obtained.

Respectfully, yours,
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

The same answer as above sent by O. P. Waldo, Tolland, Connecticut, and W. Ely, Orleans Co., N. Y.